

THE
PROGRESS of ROMANCE,
THROUGH
TIMES, COUNTRIES, AND MANNERS;
WITH
REMARKS
ON THE GOOD AND BAD EFFECTS OF
IT, ON THEM RESPECTIVELY;
IN A COURSE OF
EVENING CONVERSATIONS.

BY C. R. AUTHOR OF
THE ENGLISH BARON, THE TWO MENTORS, &c.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall privitee,
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie,
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

SPENSER'S Faery Queene. Book 4. Canto 5. Stanza 1.

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1877

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

OF GEOLOGICAL AND

MINERALOGICAL

SCIENTISTS

HELD AT

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SEPTEMBER 10-15, 1877

REPORT BY

JOHN W. COOK

SECRETARY

OF THE ASSOCIATION

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PROGRESS OF ROMANCE.

EVENING IX.

Hortensius, Sophronia, Euphrasia.

Euph. **A**T our last meeting, I mentioned some difficulties I apprehended in my progress, as I should come nearer to the present times, and I must now confess, upon reflexion they increase.

Hort. Communicate them to your friends, and depend upon our best assistance, to obviate, or at least to abate them.

Soph. I sincerely wish it may be in my power to lighten the task to you.

Euph. We have hitherto travelled through these enchanted regions of fiction with tolerable ease and safety.—But as we advance further, new dangers awaits us every step we set.—We may tread upon serpents that may

rise and sting us; or we may rouse a hornet's nest that may stun us with its noise, or wound us with its deadly weapons.

Soph. Take us with you however, that we may know how to defend you.—Explain to us those dangers which perhaps are only ideal.

Euph. Alas, you will acknowledge the reality of them presently!—The reputation of dead Authors is ascertained, and we may speak of their works with freedom and safety; but it is not so with living ones, we shall say too much or too little, either for them, or ourselves.—As we advance, they multiply upon us, till they become a formidable army.

Soph. Let us meet them with the Olive in our hands, and promise to crown with laurels, those who best deserve to wear them.

Euph. And who will think they do not deserve them?

Hort. Take courage *Euphrasia*! with truth and candour on your side, you will make friends, who will be able and willing to defend you.

Euph.

Euph. With truth and candour on each side, that is yourself and *Sophronia*, I will endeavour to go forward warily and circumspectly.—First then, I shall only speak of the most capital works of the kind, therefore I shall have a demand for praise more than censure.—Secondly, I shall speak *briefly* to their merits, and only enlarge upon those most celebrated.—And Thirdly, I shall fortify my own opinions, by the judgment of others of superior authority.

Hort. Since you have divided your heads so methodically, give me leave to add another.—Fourthly, we will (*en dernier resort*) consult those infallible judges the *Reviewers*, as good Catholics do the Pope, and let them decide, where we desire to be excused.

Euph. I thank you for that thought,—it will lighten my labour, and relieve my apprehensions,—we will appeal occasionally to the most candid and impartial of them, *viz.*—The *Monthly Reviewers*.

Soph. No more disqualifying, *Euphrasia*.—*Hortensius*, no more sub-division,—let me beg

you to proceed, and not to abbreviate as you threaten us.

Hort. Come on then.—Let us view and Review your list *Euphrasia*.

Euph. The *Female Quixote* was published in the year 1752.—In this ingenious work the passion for the French Romances of the last Century, and the effect of them upon the manners is finely exposed and ridiculed.—The Author of it is since well known as one of the distinguished female writers this age has produced among us—Mrs. *Lennox*.

Soph. That circumstance is so well known, that I shall not be thought to detract from her merit, if I venture to remark, that the Satire of the *Female Quixote* seems in great measure to have lost its aim, because at the time it first appeared, the taste for those Romances was extinct, and the books exploded.

Euph. Your remark is just,—this book came thirty or forty years too late.—But Mrs. *Lennox*'s character is established upon works of a superior kind, which are above our retrospect, though we can only speak here of her Novels.

—She

—She wrote two others, one called *Henrietta*, and the other *Sophia*—both of indisputable merit.

Hort. You are in the right Ladies.—Romances at this time were quite out of fashion, and the press groaned under the weight of Novels, which sprung up like Mushrooms every year.

Euph. They did but now begin to increase upon us, but ten years more multiplied them tenfold. Every work of merit produced a swarm of imitators, till they became a public evil, and the institution of Circulating libraries, conveyed them in the cheapest manner to every bodies hand.

Hort. I rejoice that you do not defend Circulating libraries,—if yon had, I would have fought against them with more success, than I have met with hitherto, when I have been your opponent.

Euph. I am entirely of your opinion, they are one source of the vices and follies of our present times; and we shall have occasion to say more of them when we come to draw in-

A 4 inferences

ferences from the effects of novel-reading upon the manners.

Hort They have been well ridiculed in Mr. Colman's farce called *Polly Honeycombe*.

Eupb. In some respects, but the Satire would have been much stronger and the moral more commendable, if he had not exhibited the parents as objects of Ridicule, which spoils the effect, and puts it upon a footing with too many other Dramatic pieces upon the same plan.

Soph. I am delighted with your remark, and have often been offended with this dramatic error: it is so general that most of the plays seem calculated to teach our youth, that they are wiser than their parents, and that they may safely deceive and ridicule them.

Hort. You say true, there is hardly a play where one does not meet with these absolute children and undutiful parents, and the poets always take care to punish the latter, and reward the former.

Eupb. This likewise is one of the evils of our times; but we will not enlarge upon it here, as it is foreign to our present subject.

Soph.

Soph. I beg your pardon!—undutiful parents and arbitrary children are as frequently found in Novels as upon the Stage, and the remark is equally proper upon both kinds of writing.

Euph. I cannot deny it.—But I shall neither applaud, nor recommend any that have a tendency to weaken the respect due to parents; for upon that depends in a great measure, the education of youth, their introduction into life, and indeed all the social and domestic virtues.

Hort. It was I that led you into this useful observation:—I do not repent it, nor will I reckon the time as lost.

Euph. Let us however return into our proper track.—You will allow me to speak of the works of the same Author together, though published at considerable intervals of time, to relieve my memory, and because you may have them all in view at one time.

Hort. Certainly,—we can make no objection

Euph.

Euph. Whenever you recollect any books of this kind that are worthy of our notice, and that are not mentioned in my notes, you will oblige me by reminding me of them.

Hort. I will then put you in mind that Dr. *Smollet* was a novel writer.

Euph. Dr. *Smollet's* Novels abound with wit, and humour, which some Critics think is carried beyond the limits of probability; all his characters are over charged, and he has exhibited some scenes that are not proper for all readers; but upon the whole, his works are of a moral tendency,—their titles are, *Roderick Random*—*Peregrine Pickle*—*Sir Lancelot Greaves*—*Ferdinand Count Fathom*—*Adventures of an Atom*.—Many years after these he gave the public another, in no respect inferior, and in some superior to them all, called *Humbrey Clinker*.

Hort. Honest *Humbrey* is an acquaintance of mine, and he is really a pleasant fellow.—But as you say many of the characters are *outrée*.

Euph.

Euph. Then you do condescend to read Novels sometimes, especially when they are written by men?

Hort. Spare your raillery,—it was *Romances* that I made war against, and you have taught me to make the proper distinction.

Euph. I never meant to animadvert upon such books as were capable of affording you rational entertainment, it is only the Cynical censurers of them that I reflect upon.—I will mention another novel writer of your sex, with a Dr. prefixed to his name likewise.—Dr. *Shebbeare's* Novels have spirit, humour, and morality, but their merits have great abatements, on the score of party virulence, and private spleen.—His first Novel was called the *Marriage-act*, which gave offence to those who had a hand in composing that famous *Act*, which makes an unfortunate *Era* in our manners. Whether he was prosecuted, or what other motive obliged him to alter the Title I never could learn, but the second Edition is called *Matrimony*—the other Novel is *Lydia—or filial Piety*.

Hort.

Hort. It seems you dislike that *famous Act*, as much as *Shobbeare*?

Euph. I only read its motives, by its consequences, it is from this *Æra*, that we have seen the manners of the women of our country reflect disgrace upon it.—Trials of a certain kind, and Divorces in consequence, were very rare before that Period, and alas too common ever since!—I reason from facts, and they are stubborn things.

Hort. I am afraid there is too much truth in your remark,—our manners are indeed on the decline, and there needs no Act of Parliament to discourage marriage.

Euph. You are leading me away from my subject again.—I will look over my notes, and gather up the clue to our further progress.—I find the *Card* mentioned as a work of merit, it is an imitation of the different styles of our most eminent Novel-writers, it has wit, humour, and sentiment.—If I am rightly informed, it is the work of a Clergyman whose name was since much vilified; but as there is

no

no name prefixed to the book, I have no business to declare it.

Pompey the Little—a book much read and admired, the Author likewise chose to remain unknown. It is a work of more than common merit.

Peter Wilkins—a work of Originality and Morality, I shall speak of it under a separate class.

Soph. I see you are determined to keep up to your last regulation, and you abridge with a vengeance.

Euph. I shall do so for the most part, but I will next mention a book, that will oblige me to enlarge, and perhaps I may exercise your patience.—I am going to speak of *Rosseau's new Eloisa*.

Hort. Aye, truly that will afford an ample subject for Criticism, let us hear what you can say upon it *Euphrasia*:

Euph. It is dangerous to criticise a work that has been so much, and so justly admired.—It is a book that speaks to the heart, and engages that in its behalf, and when reflexion comes

comes afterwards, and reason takes up the reins, we discover that it is dangerous and improper for those for whose use it is chiefly intended, for young persons.

Hort. I expect a more particular examination of it, and a proof of your assertion.

Euph. It shall then be in the words of another, as usual *Hortensius*.

Voltaire's Prophecy is at once the most just and severe Satire upon it.—I have an extract of just so much of it as is requisite to my present purpose, and in his opinion I give my own, expressed to the utmost advantage.

Hort. I must bear with this extract, as I have with many others, but, I reserve the liberty of replying to it.

Euph. That is but just, listen to *Voltaire*.
 —“ The Author of this book like those Em-
 “ piricks who make wounds on purpose
 “ to shew the virtues of their Balsams, poi-
 “ sons our souls for the glory of curing them,
 “ And this poison will act violently on the
 “ understanding and on the heart, and the
 “ antidote will act on the understanding only,
 the

“ and the poison will triumph in the heart.—
“ And he will boast of having opened a gulph,
“ and he will think he saves himself from
“ blame by crying out.—Woe be to the young
“ girls that fall into it!—and he will say, I have
“ warned you against it in my preface, and
“ young girls never read prefaces.—And he
“ will say by way of excuse for writing a
“ book that inspires vice, that he lives in an
“ age wherein it is impossible to be virtuous.
“ —And to justify himself, he will slander
“ the whole world, and threaten with his
“ contempt all those who do not approve
“ his book.—And every body shall wonder,
“ how with a soul so pure and virtuous, he
“ could compose a book that is so much the
“ reverse,—and many who believed in him
“ shall believe in him no more.”

Hort. Poor *John James Rousseau*! surely
thy brother *Voltaire* is too severe upon thee,
not considering his own flights and vagaries!

Euph. Will you undertake to defend him?

Hort. I will do like you, when your favourites
are attacked, I will extenuate his faults.—

I will consider *Rousseau* as a Philosopher and a virtuous man; he is neither a libertine nor an encourager of loose morals, and upon your own principles, he is not answerable for the bad effects of his works.

Euph. A man cannot compose an amorous Novel without intending it.

Hort. Perhaps his design may be misunderstood and misconstrued.

Rousseau saw that the women on the Continent, while maidens, paid due respect to their honour and character, but as soon as they were married they entertained all the world, and encouraged gallants; of the two evils he thought a single person's indulging a criminal passion, of less pernicious consequence to society, than a married woman who commits adultery:—upon this principle he wrote this book.—He puts the character of a woman who encourages lovers after marriage, in opposition to one who having committed the greatest fault before marriage, repents, and recovers her principles.—He enforces the sanctity of the marriage vow, he sets the
breach

breach of it in a light to shock every considerate mind, he shews that where it is broken, nothing but hatred and disgust succeeds; the confidence a man should place in his wife, the tenderness he should feel for his offspring, is destroyed, and nothing remains but infamy and misery.

If *Rousseau* intended by this work to give a check to this shameful intercourse of the sexes, so frequently practiced on the Continent, under the specious name of gallantry, he is to be commended; and if it produced effects he did not foresee, he ought to be excused.

Euph. I am sure *Rousseau* is much obliged to your sensible and polite apology for his *Eloise*. But after all the objections remain. It is a dangerous book to put into the hands of youth, it awakens and nourishes those passions, which it is the exercise of Reason, and of Religion also, to regulate, and to keep within their true limits. On this account I have often wished that the two first Volumes of *Eloise*, could be abridged and altered, so as to render

them consistent with the unexceptionable morals of the two last.—I thought it might be possible to give a different turn to the story, and to make the two Lovers, stop short of the act, that made it criminal in either party to marry another, for were they not *actually wedded* in the sight of heaven? and could *Elaise* with any pretensions to virtue, or to delicacy, give herself to another man?

If this insuperable objection was removed; then might the Lovers renew their friendship with honour and dignity on both sides, then might the husband in full confidence in his wife's principles, invite her friend, and even leave them together without appearing so justly-ridiculous in his conduct as he now does to impartial judges.

Hort. I like your plan, and advise you to make this alteration yourself.

Euph. You must excuse me Sir,—I have not yet the presumption to attempt it, or to think myself able to do justice to *Roussseau* in such an alteration.—It must remain as it is, it has done all the mischief in its power to
the

the youth of this generation; and the worst part of it is, that those who write only for depraved and corrupted minds, dare appeal to *Rousseau* as a precedent.

Hort. In that light I see the bad effects of it manifestly, and I believe that *Rousseau* himself would be concerned for them;—but what will you say of his *Emilius*?

Euph. Nearly the same as of the other,—it may do some good, but I am afraid much more harm. The discussion of its merits and defects would lead me too far from the present subject, especially as it does not properly belong to this class of writing.—*Rousseau* is a whimsical and chimerical writer, with great beauties and great blemishes, and I am convinced he did not really intend to hurt the principles or morals of mankind.

Hort. You do him barely justice; but can you say so much of *Voltaire* who so cruelly scourges him?

Euph. No truly.—He never misses an opportunity of shewing his wit, and his malignity, likewise, against *Revelation*; and in doing

injury to Religion, he injures the rights and the happiness of society.

Soph. It is pleasant to see these Freethinkers and free speakers, throwing dirt at each other:—to see the Author of *Candide* taking exceptions at the character of *Wolmar*.

Hort. Your remark is good, and reminds me of a vulgar proverb, “When knaves quarrel, honest men recover their own.”—Thus a Christian may know what confidence to place in the enemies of his religion.—But pray give us your opinion of *Candide*?

Euph. Not I indeed, let the men do it.—Pray *Hortensius* look for what the Reviewers say of it.

Hort. Here I have it,—*Monthly Review*, 1761—“*Candide, or, All for the best.*—An “absurd improbable tale, written with an apparent view to depreciate not only human “nature, but the wisdom and goodness of “the Supreme Being; and ridicule his providence under that generally received and “worthily adopted principle—All for the “best.”—Gramercy Messrs, the Reviewers,

I subscribe to your sentence with all my heart.

Euph. Hortensius you have led me to speak of *Voltaire's* works, which I would rather have avoided: his wit is indisputable, but wit is only a secondary merit; and when it is abused and made an instrument to do mischief, it becomes detestable.

Hort. It was impossible to avoid speaking of him as a writer of eminence in your walk, —and will you say nothing more of his Novels?

Euph. Nothing.—I do not wish to recommend them, they will always be found by those, who think it worth their while to seek them.

Soph. Let us leave them to their admirers. —It is time for you to pursue your journey, and to mention other writers.

Euph. Or rather, it is time to separate for this evening, the next time we meet, we must make quicker dispatch, or this progress of ours, will be too long before it comes to an end.

Hort. I believe you will be tired the first of the party.

Euph. If I do not tire my hearers I shall be satisfied.—A good night to you.

EVENING X.

Hortensius, Sophronia, Euphrasia.

Euph. **Y**ou are truly welcome my friends.—I receive you in my library, because we shall want to have recourse to our books.

Hort. Make me your Librarian, or employ me in some way as your assistant.

Euph. I make use of your permission, pray take down the *Monthly Review* for the year 1761—and look for *Sidney Biddulph*.

Soph. This looks like doing business;—but pray do not transfer your task to the Reviewers.

Euph. Never fear, there will still remain employment enough for me.

Hort. I have it here,—“ In the work before us, the Author seems to have designed

" ed to draw tears from the reader by distress
 " sing innocence and virtue as much as possi-
 " ble.—Now though we are not ignorant
 " that this may be a true picture of human
 " life in some instances; yet we are of opi-
 " nion that such representations are by no
 " means calculated to encourage or promote
 " virtue."

Euph. Stop there if you please, I do not
 want the whole Article. I have in my notes
 an extract from the *Critical Review*, which
 will be a proper contrast to the other.

" The design of this work is to prove that
 " neither prudence, foresight, nor even the
 " best disposition the human heart is capable
 " of, are of themselves sufficient to defend
 " us from the inevitable evils to which hu-
 " man nature is liable.—Whether this infer-
 " ence is favourable to the encouragement of
 " virtue, we could not stop to enquire: we
 " were so interested in the distress of *Sidney*
 " *Biddulph*, and so absorbed in the events of
 " her life, that in short, every arrow of Cri-
 " ticism was unpointed.—Instead of think-

“being these evils were allotted to her, we perceive that they arose from a want of knowledge of the world, from too easy credulity, and from unsuspecting innocence.”—We can only wish that few of our readers may want her example to inspire and direct them.”—You have heard the evidence on both sides and now I ask *your* opinion *Saphronia*?

Seph. I had rather you had given your own, but as you desire it I will.—This book is a great favorite of mine, the Story is admirably told, and the language is so easy and natural, that every thing seems real in it, and we sorrow as for a well known and beloved friend; in my opinion it well deserves the encomium the Critical Reviewers have given it.

Hori. It is worthy of observation, that laying aside the dictatorial style of Censors, they speak of it, as if it was a true history.—

“Instead of thinking these evils were allotted to her, we perceive that they arose from want of knowledge of the world, &c.”

—I cannot help smiling at it.

Euph.

Euph. Your observation is deep as well as pleasant; perhaps there is not a better Criterion of the merit of a book, than our losing sight of the Author.

Hort. You have really converted my remark into solid value, and I readily agree to your criterion.

Soph. And so do I.—But I am mistaken if *Euphrasia* had not a further meaning in applying to me for my opinion of this book.—I am fond of melancholy stories, and she prefers those that end happily; she meant to oblige me to declare my sentiments, and afterwards give her own; and then task you to decide upon them.

Euph. I find you know my meaning by my gaping.—I do really think that books of a gloomy tendency do much harm in this country, and especially to young minds;—they should be shewn the truth through the medium of cheerfulness, and led to expect encouragement in the practice of the social duties, and rewards for virtuous actions.

—If

—If they should be unfortunate, they will see the reverse of the medal soon enough.

Hort. But will not the expectations of nothing but peace and happiness, disqualify them to sustain the reverse?

Euph. I should think not.—The mind that is always ruminating upon the evils of life, will be apt to cast every object into shade.

Soph. Authors of the first eminence have written upon both principles, and if your doctrine was to be followed, we should have no Tragedies, and no pathetic stories.—What says *Hortensius*?

Hort. There is much to be said on both sides; I do not presume to decide upon the subject.—But for myself, I subscribe to *Euphrasia's* opinion, that virtue stands in need of every encouragement, considering the many trials we must encounter in her constant warfare.—That youth should be led to expect the rewards of virtue in the present life, without losing sight of a better expectation hereafter: and this will be a powerful antidote against the unavoidable evils of life.—

Virtue

Virtue should always be represented in the most beautiful and amiable light, capable of attracting the hearts of her votaries, and of rewarding every sacrifice they can make to her:—but in truth there are too many moralists (and I might add divines,) who represent her in so austere and disgusting a manner, as to discourage and frighten her pupils away from her presence.

Soph. Give me leave to mention one more book of this kind, which has been universally read and applauded.—*Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia.*

Euph. I have not forgotten *Rasselas*, I assure you, but I intended to place him in a different class.—However as he is upon the table, let us hear what the Reviewers say of him?

Hort. “This book (say they) was generally read and approved, the invention and language are worthy of the Author, (Dr. Johnson) nevertheless it leaves the mind gloomy and dissatisfied.—The inferences that happiness is always in prospect and
never

"never attainable, is so discouraging a truth,
 "if it be one, that it ought rather to be con-
 "cealed, or at least softened to us.—Instead
 "of directing our pursuits, it tends to keep
 "us in a state of total inaction, whereas we
 "want to be excited to activity, and made to
 "expect our happiness in doing our duty,
 "rather than to encourage us to remain in a
 "state of inactivity and indolence."

Soph. It is clearly against me, and I must
 give up the point, rather than detain you any
 longer on the subject.

Euph. Not so my friend,—every one has a
 right to choose his books, and to judge for
 himself in these matters; there have been
 many eminent Poets and Painters who have
 chosen melancholy subjects, and they meet
 with as many admirers, as the more chearful
 ones, perhaps both may be useful to differ-
 ent dispositions, some minds want to be en-
 couraged and comforted; others to be hum-
 bled and softened, by a retrospect of the evils
 to which human nature is liable.

Hort.

Hort. A very fair and generous compromise. You may resume the contest at some future time, when it does not interfere with the subject before you.

Euph. I take up my clue again.—The year following two books of the same kind were published, both of them were in some degree copies of *Rasselas*, but neither of them equal to it, though both had their respective merit and admirers.—*Almorán* and *Hamet* by Dr. Hawkeſworth, and *Soliman* and *Almena* by Dr. Langborne, they both end happily *Sophronia*, and yet I prefer *Rasselas* to either of them.

Soph. I receive it as proof of your impartiality.

Hort. Do you know that you have paſſ'd by a book more read and talked of than most of thoſe we have reviewed.

Euph. Likely enough, we have not been quite regular in our progreſs, but pray who is the great perſonage omitted?

Hort. No leſs a man than *Triftram Shandy*, Gent.

Euph.

Euph. I must beg of you to decide upon its merits, for it is not a woman's book.

Hort. Indeed I will not allow of your excuse.—You have spoken freely enough of many other writers, and if you are a competent judge of them, why not of *Sterne*?

Euph. You urge me closely,—in verity I have never read this book half through, and yet I have read enough to be ashamed of. Fashion which countenances every folly, induced me to begin it;—but what [what] can I say of it with safety?—That it is a Farrago of wit and humour, sense and nonsense, incoherency and extravagance.—The Author had the good fortune to make himself and his writings the *ton of the day*, and not to go out of fashion during his life.—What value posterity will set upon them I presume not to give my opinion of, it is time that must decide upon them, and it will certainly do them justice.

Hort. You are very reserved in your judgment of *Tristram*, but what have you to say against his *Sentimental Journey*?

Euph.

Euph. It is indisputably a work of merit.—Where *Sterne* attempts the Pathos, he is irresistible; the Reviewers have well observed, that though he affected humour and foolery, yet he was greatest in the pathetic style.—His *Maria* and *le Fevre*, and his *Monk*, are charming pictures, and will survive, when all his other writings are forgot.

Hort. Then I am friends with you again, which I could not be, if you had passed over his merits, as slightly as his absurdities.

Euph. *Sterne*, like all other Original writers has been followed by a swarm of imitators, not one of which deserve mention among works of eminence in this class of writing.

Hort. Aye, let them sleep in peace. It would ill become you who have passed over the Novels of *Voltaire*, to mention this crop of mushrooms.

Euph. I am deaf of that ear *Hortensius*, and you know the cause of it.—Let us take leave of *Tristram*, and return to my list.—The name I read is—*Longsword Earl of Salisbury* an Historical Romance.

Hort.

—*Hort.* How is that, a Romance in the 18th Century?

Euph. Yes, a Romance in reality and not a Novel.—A story like those of the middle ages, composed of Chivalry, Love, and Religion.—Pray turn to the *Review*, where I think you will find a high character of it.

Hort. A high character indeed!—"In this agreeable Romance, the truth of History is artfully interwoven with entertaining fictions, and interesting episodes.—It seems to be formed on an intimate acquaintance with the Romances of the 15th and 16th Centuries, which however extravagant and beyond nature, were always favourable to the cause of virtue, and are so far preferable to the more natural productions of later times.—There is a certain pomp of diction, a richness, and at the same time a simplicity of expression, which seldom fails to captivate the reader, and particularly impresses young minds, naturally warmed and attracted by the splendor of the heroic virtues, and moved by the finest affections

“fections of the human heart.—In short,
 “however the good old Romances may be
 “now laughed out of doors, certain it is,
 “that no species of writing could amuse with
 “less injury to the morals, and virtuous man-
 “ners of the Reader.”—Why the Reviewers
 speak your own sentiments!—I never suspected
 that you were in league with them.

Euph. When they speak the language of
 truth, candor and impartiality, I am always
 ready to adopt their sentiments.—This work
 is distinguished in my list, among Novels un-
 common and Original,

Soph. It seems to me that you have passed
 over several works of first rate merit.—*Long-
 sword* was published in 1766.

Euph. I thank you heartily for reminding
 me, I have skipped over a whole page in my
 list, and my notes upon it.

I find that Mrs. *Sheridan* was the Author of
Sidney Bidulph, and also a very pretty East-
 ern Tale called *Nourjahad*.

Mrs. *Brooke's* works hold a very high
 rank in the Novel Species.—She first trans-

lated *Lady Catesby's Letters*, and afterwards gave us two Novels of her own very much superior to it, *Lady Julia Mandeville*, and *Emily Montague*.—She also translated the *Marquis de St. Forlain*. Her stories are interesting and pathetic, her language highly polished and elegant.

Soph. Indeed Mrs. Brooke's Novels deserve all that you can say of them.—Pray did not *Millenium Hall* come out about this time?

Euph. It was in the year 1762.—Mrs. Brooke's works were published at different times, *Emily Montague*, in 1763.

Soph. Have you nothing more to say of *Millenium Hall* than the date of it?

Euph. It is a very good little book, and you ought to have made its Eulogium.

Soph. I had rather hear my favourite's praises from another mouth than my own.

Euph. Then I will pay it the homage it justly claims. It is calculated to inspire the heart with true benevolence and the love of virtue, it is a very entertaining as well as mo-

ral

ral work, and very proper to be put into the hands of young persons.

Soph. I am glad you think it worthy of a place in your class of eminence, for I am fond of it to a degree.

Hort. Now Ladies you have the whole business to yourselves, I have not read any of the last mentioned books but *Emily Montague*, which indeed deserves your plaudit.

Euph. The letters of *Theodosius* and *Constantia* are both moral and entertaining, and they are also instructive, and deserve a place in every good young woman's closet,—they came out 1763.

Hort. I would fain be of some use, pray are *Marmontel's* works, worthy of a place upon your shelf?

Euph. I could be offended at that question, and more at the manner of it, and yet I will not spare what deserves correction, *Marmontel* is as you well know, a charming writer, but his *Moral Tales*, have some things in them that are offensive to good *Morals*.—His *Bellisarius* is worthy of a place in every Monarch's

Library.—And his *Incas* to be enshrined in every benevolent heart.

Hort. I really beg your pardon.—I ought not to have *seemed* to doubt that you would do justice to *Marmontel*?—I did not *really* doubt it.

Euph. I accept your *Palinode*.—I do not wish to make a *Parade* of sentiment, like some writers, who have brought even the word itself into disgrace. You know that upon *principle* I refused to admit works of prophane-ness and immorality into my Catalogue of eminent Novels, though admired for their wit, or for the name of the Authors; I should be concerned to have occasion to repeat any more what I have said on this subject.

Hort. I am sorry to have given you occasion for what you have now said.—Forget it, and proceed with your progress.

Euph. The next work of merit and morality that I shall speak of, is the *Marquis de Roselle*, by *Madame Elie de Beaumont*. I have a partiality for this book, I never read one of the kind that afforded me greater pleasure;

pleasure; in it the noblest lessons of virtue and good conduct are conveyed to the reader's mind, through the vehicle of entertainment; it may be recommended to young persons, to guard them against the deceptions of the world, and to enable them to distinguish between real and intrinsic merit, and the tinsel accomplishments of the circle of dissipation.

—This translation was published in 1764.

Soph. It is indeed, a charming book, and I think there are more writings of Madame de Beaumont worth your notice.

Euph. You will please to observe, that there are two Ladies of that name, with only a small distinction between them—Madame Elie de Beaumont is the Author of the *Marquis de Roselle*.—Madame le Prince de Beaumont has written many books for the use of Schools *Le Magazin des Enfans* and others for youth in a series.—She has also written *Novels for grown Gentlemen and Ladies*, but none of first rate Merit.

Soph. Is there not a book of her's called the new *Clarissa*?

Euph. There is, but it is out of the bounds of nature and probability; there is also a book of the same title, which was published in Ireland, which I think superior to the French one, but neither of them are capital.—Madame *le Prince de Beaumont's* writings are strongly tinged with bigotry and enthusiasm, but she always means to support the cause of virtue.—If I am not misinformed she presides over a seminary of Education, or in plain English, she keeps a school.

Soph. An employment of great utility and importance, and when faithfully discharged, claims our respect, and an honourable mention.

Euph. Certainly, and deserves more respect than is generally paid to it—The year 1766 was very prolific in the Novel way, and indeed, they seem to have over-run the press, till they became a *drug* in the *terms of trade*.—The Reviewers complain bitterly of the fatigue of reading them, it became necessary to have an Annual Supply for the Circulating Library, in consequence the manufacturers of
Novels

Novels were constantly at work for them, and were very poorly paid for their labours.—Among the trash the press groaned under, some works of merit appeared which discredited the trifling ones, and helped to drive them off the Stage.

Sir George Ellison, a picture of a truly benevolent man.

Sir Charles Beaufort, strong painting of shocking characters, which are made triumphant over Innocence and Virtue

John Bunce, Esq.—a whimsical and *outré* story, intermixed with sprinklings of wit and Learning, and a Genius truly original.

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Dr. Goldsmith, a work of great merit and great faults, but must ever afford both pleasure and benefit to a good heart.

Soph. These last mentioned are abridged in good earnest.

Euph. I find it necessary, and shall continue to do so except in particular cases.

The fair American—or *Emmera*, a work of merit and morality, 1767.

Letters of Madame de Sancerre, by Madame Riccobini, which is saying enough.

History of Ernestina,—a very pretty story by the same Lady.

Lacy Watson, a melancholy tale well told as a warning to youth.

Hort. You drive away at a great rate, and I wish not to check your course, I shall come up to you, when you come to the inferences.

Euph. *The Life and Adventures of Common Sense*, is a work of Genius, wit, humour and morality, and will afford an agreeable entertainment to every reader of taste and judgment.

Arthur O'Bradley has more humour, than wit or sentiment, but is above the common Novels of this date—1769.

The Persian Tales of Inatulla are worth reading, but I shall class them with other Tales and Fables of the same kind.

Soph. You will do right to make them a separate class.

Euph. At this period when a constant supply of Novels was expected by the Readers of the

the Circulating Library, some persons whose excellent principles led them to see and lament the decline of virtuous manners, and the passion for desultory reading; endeavoured to stem the torrent by making entertaining stories their *vehicle* to convey to the young and flexible heart, wholesome truths, that it refused to receive under the form of moral precepts and instructions, thus they tempered the *utile* with the *dulcé*, and under the disguise of Novels, gave examples of virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and if the young mind unawares to itself, was warmed with the love of virtue, or shocked at the punishment of the wicked; this was all the reward they wished or expected from their Labours.

Of this kind are the following works:

Callistus, or the Man of Fashion, by Mr. Mulso.

The Exemplary Mother, by Mrs. Cooper.

The Placid Man, by Mr. Jenner.

The Fool of Quality, by Mr. Brooke.

This last I must enlarge upon.—Mr. Brooke was a man of Genius, taste and sensibility,
but

but unhappily these fine talents were overshadowed by a veil of Enthusiasm, that casts a shade upon every object.

I will not trust myself to give a character to works of so mixed a kind. Let us see what the Reviewers say of it. *Hortensius*, be so kind to turn to the Index for *The Fool of Quality*.

Hort. I obey you Madam.—“ While with
“ pleasure we contemplate the amiable and
“ worthy characters drawn by this able writer,
“ it is with real concern that we see them
“ debased by the ascetic reveries of Madame
“ *Guyon*, *William Law*, and the rest of the
“ rapturous tribe.—What can we say more
“ of a performance, which is at once en-
“ riched by Genius, enlivened by fancy,
“ bewildered with enthusiasm, and overrun
“ with the visionary jargon of fanaticism?

“ We shall only add our hearty wish that
“ the ingenious writer, would give us an
“ abridgement of this work, cleared from the
“ sanctimonious rubbish by which its beauties
“ are so much obscured ;—and then, we are

“ persuaded

“ persuaded, it would be perused with pleasure by readers of every rank and age; but while it remains in its present motley state, we apprehend it will be a favourite with only *Behmenites*, *Hernbutters*, *Methodists*, *Hutchinsonians*,—and some *Roman Catholics*.

Euph. Very just.—the same character will serve for *Juliet Grenville*, Mr. *Brooke*’s other Novel in which fanaticism is predominant. I shall offer a conjecture of my own, that Mr. *Brooke* would never have condescended to write Novels, but to make them his vehicles to convey his *tenets* to the minds of such readers, as were not likely to receive them in any other form.

Soph. What a pity, that such genius and such taste should be used only to promote a blind and illiberal zeal to make profelytes! and to limit the mercies of God to one particular sect of Christians.

Hort. It is the characteristic of the sects enumerated in the *Review*.—The growth of fanaticism is an alarming consideration; it is

is creeping into every sect among us, nay even into the established national Church.

Euph. Between Deism on one hand, and fanaticism on the other, people of rational piety, and moderation, are in no very good situation, for they are anathemiz'd by the zealous of both parties.—Let us leave them to him who knows best how to separate the grain from the chaff, and return to our subject.

Letters from an English Lady at Paris, in which are contained *the Memoirs of Mrs. Williams.*—1769.

This is a work of real merit, I have here an extract from the *Review*.—‘The whole of
 “ this work forms a most interesting, exem-
 “ plary tale, abounding with affecting in-
 “ cidents, sensible observations, and moral
 “ reflections:—and some of the letters are
 “ enlivened with a vein of pleasantry, which
 “ will afford an agreeable relief to such read-
 “ ers as are not fond of distressful events, and
 “ melancholy scenes.”

Anecdotes of a Convent, by the same Author, and merits the same rank and plaudit.

Soph.

Soph. It is indeed a most agreeable book, and the Reviewers have done it justice.—I think you have not yet mentioned Mrs. Griffith's Novels.

Euph. Mrs. Griffith's Novels are moral and sentimental, though they do not rise to the first class of excellence, they may fairly be ranked in the second, they are very unexceptionable and entertaining books.—Their Titles are:—*The Delicate Distress*.—*The Gordian Knot* (by Mr. G.)—*Lady Barton*—*Lady Juliana Harley*—Mr. and Mrs. G. are well known as the Authors of the ingenious *Letters of Henry and Frances*, and some other pieces of merit.

Hort. I have seen a book called, *Letters from Altamont in Town to his Friends in the Country*, which in my opinion has great merit.

Euph. Indisputably.—It was written by Mr. Jenner, Author of the *Placid Man*, of whom I shall have occasion to say more, when we come to our moral inferences.

The History of Charles Wentworth, Esq; is a work of Genius and Originality, but it is not proper for all readers, it is strongly tinged with Deism, and is evidently written in
favour

favour of that uncomfortable System, and like *Rousseau*, he appeals to savages in confirmation of his tenets; it is therefore an improper book for youth.

The Man of Feeling—and the *Man of the World*, are by the same Author, Mr. *Mackenzie*.—both are moral, natural, and pathetic, and worthy of our plaudit; if there is any defect, it is that some of the scenes are shocking representations of human nature, and bear too hard upon the readers humanity and sensibility.

Soph. Pray what is your opinion of Miss *Minifie's* Novels?

Euph. They are in the class of mediocrity, if I were to mention such, it would make our talk too long and tedious, I must therefore pass over these, and hundreds beside that are very innocent and moral books.

Soph. I saw a book upon your shelf called, *The Portrait of Life, in a Series of Novels*.

Euph. It is only a compilation from different Authors, a common and easy method of book-making in these days: there are a great

great number of these publications, and it is surprizing they should answer to the trade.—
The pleasing Instructor—The entertaining Novelist—Old Heads upon young Shoulders, &c.
—*ad infinitum.*—These compilations are shameful impositions upon the public, and ought to be discouraged by every citizen of the Republic of Letters; the most effectual method would be to enter every book that is worthy of publication at Stationers Hall.

Hort. Is it not equally injurious to Authors, to publish extracts of books in Magazines and other periodical publications?

Euph. Certainly.—And unless I am mistaken, the method I propose would put an end to these pilfering practices, for they deserve to be called so.

Soph. I have seen a Novel called *Constantia, or the distressed Friend*, which I think is above the common place Novels of the circulating library.

Euph. You have given it the place it deserves, below excellence and above contempt.

Louisa

Louisa a sentimental Novel, may be ranked a step higher, but not on the first form.—It is of the melancholy kind.—There are a great number of Novels of the same class, and we might fill a volume with a list of them: but we are now come to a resting place,—I have brought my work down to a later period than I at first intended; it is time to draw towards a conclusion.

Hort. I hope you are not serious?—Your plan is by no means compleated.

Euph. I am very sensible that it is not, but this part of it is.—For what remains to be said I have more reason to fear it will be too much, than too little.—I shall endeavour to draw it into a small compass as possible, with your assistance.—For this time we must adjourn.

Hort. I shall have many questions to ask, and perhaps some objections to make; I think also there are many books omitted.

Euph. At our next meeting I will hear and answer all your demands, if I do not, (as I have already done,) anticipate your objections.

jections.—I shall bring with me a list of Novels Original and uncommon.—I shall speak of Tales and Fables out of the reach of nature, though not of Criticism: and having dispatched these, we will gather up the clue of our progress, and proceed to inferences.

Soph. I rejoice to hear that you are not come to a final conclusion. I hope to see you at my house next Thursday.

Hort. I will not fail you.—I perceive that *Euphrasia* has yet much to say.—Perhaps I may be of some service, in protracting the conclusion you apprehend.

Euph. Don't frighten me *Hortensius*.—I wish rather to contract than extend my plan, as I shall shew you at our next meeting.

Hort. I take my leave for this Evening Ladies.

EVENING XI.

Hortensius, Sophronia, Euphrasia.

Hort. **E**VER since our last meeting I have been reflecting upon several things you said at that time; and I beg leave to make some remarks.

Eupb. I will hear them most willingly, and endeavour to profit by them.

Hort. You excepted against compilations very justly, and you advised a method to prevent them. You wished to prevent long extracts of books being inserted in periodical publications:—did you mean that this prohibition should extend to the Reviewers?

Eupb. By no means.—As the Censors of literature they ought to have an exclusive right to give extracts of every publication

that deserves their recommendation: but I could wish this sovereign power were restrained within certain bounds.

Hort. In what respect?—You must depend upon their judgement and candour.

Euph. Certainly;—and you may appeal from their Sentence to the public at large.—I wish they could confine and limit their extracts to the compass of one *Monthly Review*; for it is not fair to skim off the cream of an Author's dairy, and leave only the dregs behind: or in other words, to gratify the reader's curiosity, and prevent his purchasing the book; and thus intercepting the reward of the Author's labours, which I believe happens frequently.

Hort. What you now say is very just, you would leave them perfectly free and unrestrained in their judgement, and only limit their extracts.

Euph. That is my wish in favour of all writers; whose property in their own works is already too much abridged by an arbitrary

decision of power, over literature and her offspring.

Soph. These remarks lead us from the prosecution of our subject.

Hort. Not entirely.—I must ask another question:—why should you finish your progress and retrospect here?—I see no reason why it should not be continued down to the present year.

Euph. I gave you my reasons at our Ninth meeting, and as we come nearer to the present time, they grow stronger.—I have brought my progress down to the close of the year 1770, which is just ten years lower than I at first intended.—It would be an invidious task to speak of the writers of the present day; let us leave them to the Reviewers, it is their province.—If they do not all the justice the Authors may think they deserve, let them appeal to the *public*, and to *time*, and trust to their impartiality, for their sentence will be just, and irreverfible.

Hort. You will not then suffer your late publications to be mentioned, though they belong to your proper subject?

Euph.

Euph. No certainly.—If they deserve to be remembered, I have no doubt they will survive me: and if not, let them be forgotten.—You will now give me leave to read you my list of Novels and Stories Original and uncommon. I have already enlarged upon some of them.

Tale of a Tub.

Gulliver's Travels.

} by Swift.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Patrick's Pilgrim.

Don Quixote, by Cervantes.

Modern Don Quixote, by Marivaux.

Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe.

Gaudenzio di Lucca, by Bishop Berkeley.

Peter Wilkins.

Voyage to the Moon.

Chrysal—or Adventures of a Guinea.

Reverie—or flight to the Paradise of Fools.

Arfaces, Prince of Betlis.

These three last by the same Author, and all of the satyrical kind.

Life of John Buncle, Esq.

John Buncle, jun. Esq.

Tristram Shandy, Gent.

Life and Adventures of Common Sense.

Citizen of the World.

Pilgrim of China.

The Spiritual Quixote, an Antidote to Methodism.

The Castle of Otranto—printed at Strawberry-Hill.—I have spoken largely of this work in a former publication of mine.

These are all of great merit in their kind, and of moral tendency.

Soph. You abridge now indeed, as you threatened to do.

Euph. It is time that I should bring my progress to a period, I have enlarged upon the most eminent works of the kind, and have given a general character of those last mentioned.

I shall next introduce another species of the same Genus of writing, which will make some variety in our progress.—I will lead you into enchanted palaces,—delicious gardens,—and endless labyrinths.—We will put ourselves under the protection of the good genii,
and

and they will conduct us out of them by an invisible gate, where we shall find ourselves much forwarder, and have in view the place where we shall finish our journey.

Sepb. I am pleased with the excursion of your fancy, I hope you will permit us to stop sometimes, and take a view of the curiosities of the places we pass through.

Euph. You must not tarry a long while any where, and there are very few of these places that will bear a close inspection.

Hort. I shall follow you as *Aeneas* did the *Sybil*, with the same confidence, that you will guide me through in safety.

Euph. The allusion is not amiss.—Oh that you could realize the golden bough!

Hort. I am afraid the tree does not grow in this country.

Euph. Yes it does, but is guarded by Hesperian dragons, and there are a thousand dangers and vexations in the way of those who adventure for the prize.—But this is trifling away time.

D 4

Hort.

Hort. Let us then advance, and may you obtain the golden prize!

Eupb. Here is my list and a few notes upon it.

TALES and FABLES ancient and modern.

You have doubtless read the fables of *Æsop*, *Pilpay*, and *Lozman*—and imitations of them without end.—There is an opinion lately gone forth, that fables are improper for children. I shall not now investigate this subject, but it does not appear to me that those ages that were instructed by Fable and Allegory, were less virtuous than the present times are; and this *Criterion* will apply to many other kinds of writing besides that before us.

Hort. This is taking a short way of deciding an important question.

Eupb. If it be a certain one, the shorter the better; if not it shall give place to a better.—Will you be the person to give it?

Hort. Not in this place,—it would interfere with our present business,—we will postpone the subject for the present, and beg of you to proceed with your allegorical fables.

Eupb.

Euph. I do not presume to assert that they are absolutely the best, or the only method of instruction, but that they do not deserve to be despised or exploded.

Who spoke in *Parables* I need not say;—
But sure he knew it was a pleasant way,
Sound sense by plain examples to convey. DRYDEN.

There are many works of this kind, that are excellent and instructive, both in prose and verse.—I will mention briefly, *Gay's Fables*,—*Cotton's Visions*,—*Moore's Fables for the Female Sex*, &c.—But it requires a skilful hand to select books of this kind for youth, because there are many professedly written for this purpose that are very improper; and if books for youth are ill chosen they will do more harm than good. *Mr. Doddsley's Collection of Fables ancient and modern*, is the best that I know.

Hort. I agree with you in this point, and indeed in most others; and when I seem to oppose you, it is only to give you a *fillup*, and to make you exert yourself.—Nevertheless, I intend to have another contest with you before

I quit the field.—In the mean time I beg you to proceed.

Euph. Let us then take a brief survey of *Eastern Tales*, a class of no small extent. I have spoken largely of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment* as a work of Originality and Authenticity, and let me add of amusement. The great demand for this book, raised a swarm of imitations, most of which are of the French manufactory, as the *Persian Tales*—*Turkish Tales*—*Tartarian Tales*—*Chinese Tales*—*Peruvian Tales*—*Mogul Tales*—&c.

The stories of this kind are all wild and extravagant to the highest degree; they are indeed so far out of the bounds of Nature and probability, that it is difficult to judge of them by rules drawn from these sources.—It cannot be denied that some of them are amusing, and catch hold of the readers attention.

Soph. They do more than catch the attention, for they retain it.—There is a kind of fascination in them,—when once we begin a volume, we cannot lay it aside, but drive through

through to the end of it, and yet upon reflection we despise and reject them.

Hort. They are certainly dangerous books for youth,—they create and encourage the wildest excursions of imagination, which it is, or ought to be, the care of parents and preceptors to restrain, and to give them a just and true representation of human nature, and of the duties and practice of common life.

Euph. You speak as if it was the general study of parents and teachers in our days to educate our youth to wisdom and virtue.—Is it not their ambition to make them knowing rather than wise, and fashionable rather than virtuous?—thus they are hackney'd in the ways of the world, and though ignorant of every thing that is really good and estimable, they are *old* before their days are half spent.

Soph. The books that are put into the hands of youth, do in a great measure direct their pursuits and determine their characters; it is therefore of the first consequence that they should be well chosen.—After the character

rafter is formed, books of entertainment may be recommended, and read with safety, and sometimes with advantage.

Hort. You do not mean to recommend any of the books last named?

Euph. I do not; and yet it will be well if young people read nothing worse.—The *Eastern Tales* have raised a vast number of imitations, and many readers are extremely fond of them.—Madame *D'Anois* was a famous composer of *Fairy Tales*,—she likewise wrote a Romance called *Hyppolitus Earl of Douglas*, which had then, and even now has its admirers, though it is as wild and improbable as the *Fairy Tales*, or *Eastern Fables*.—The *Count de Gabalis* may be reckoned among these excursions of a raised imagination.

I shall read you a list of some more modern works of the same kind.

Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia—Dr. Johnson.

Almorán and Hamet—Hawkefworth.

Soliman and Alméná—Langborne

Nourjabad—Mrs. Sheridan.

Mirza and Fatima, an Indian Tale.

Tales

Tales of the Genii.

The Persian Tales of Inatulla.

Miscellany of Eastern Learning.

Chinese Anecdotes.

Lessings Fables.

Abassai, an Eastern Story.

Loves of Othniel and Achsah.—I do not pretend to give an opinion whether this strange book be ancient or modern, but there is reason to think it was written by a Jew.

The Triumph of Reason over Fancy—a fanciful story.

The Visions,—or *enchanted Labyrinth*—of the same kind.

There are many other books of this class, but these are all within my knowlege that are worthy of mention.

There would be no end of reciting the names of these Tales.

Hort. There is something very pleasing in *Eastern Stories* well told. There was a passion at all times for story-telling in all the countries beyond the Levant.—I remember an incident in a book of travels that is a proof of the continuance of this custom.

The

The traveller had engaged himself to make a journey into Upper Egypt, without the knowledge and consent of his friends, in search of antiquities, and to carry on a traffic privately for precious stones.—The dangerous circumstances attending this negotiation, and the other hazards he run of perishing in a barbarous country, affected his mind and disturbed his rest; he confessed to his friend and patron, that he suffered much from his inward agitations. His patron rallied him upon his want of resolution, and asked him if he had not yet learned the Turkish method of calming his mind?—The traveller thought he meant the use of opium or some drug of that kind, but he soon after called for a young man his servant, and ordered him to take up a book and read where he left off the night before,—the youth did as he was directed, and read a very pleasant story, to which the traveller was attentive, and found his mind relieved and comforted.—When the lad had done reading, his master raised many questions,

and

and made remarks upon the story, and then spoke to his guest as follows:—"You see my friend, that we are not such Barbarians as many of the Franks believe us,—your people are extremely vain and conceited of their own customs, and yet provoked to see others tenacious of theirs; they laugh at our Turkish stories, and at this method of soothing our cares; yet I conceive that it is as natural and as innocent as gaming, or drinking great quantities of wine, which are your common diversions."—The traveller could not help admitting the truth of what he said, and observed, that it was strange that writers of Travels should censure the Turks and Moors for their passion for hearing Tales and Stories, when at the same time if this inclination did not prevail among Christians, their books could not be read at all."

Euph. We are much obliged for your Story, which illustrates our subject,—I will produce another of the same kind. *M. de Guys* in his *Sentimental Journey through Greece*, takes notice of the same passion for tales and stories.

stories.—When a party of women met together they frequently entertained each other with telling a story in turn, which amusement is called *Paramythia*.—He describes some young girls at their needle-work, one of them says, “Come, let us have a party at the *Paramythia*, these pretty amusements will lighten our work.—I will tell you the fine Persian story my father taught me.”

Soph. In short the passion for tales and stories is common to all times, and all countries, and varies only according to the customs and manners of different people; and those who most affect to despise them under one form, will receive and admire them in another.

Euph. Nothing is more true, it is the selection of them, that makes them an innocent or a pernicious amusement.

I have now done with *Eastern Tales and Stories*.

Hort. May I then ask a question or two?

Euph. As many as you please.—We are now at a proper resting place.

Hort.

Hort. What is your opinion of *Ossian's* works, and the *Erse* poetry?

Eupb. You could not have asked me a more difficult question. I read Dr. *Johnson's* sentiments on this head, and was satisfied with his decision: but I have since read Mr. *Mc Nichol's Remarks upon Johnson's Tour*, and that overset all that the Doctor had said. There is something imperious and dogmatical in his manner of criticizing, and in the present case he seems to have wanted both judgment and candour.—On the other hand, *Mc Nichol* shews too much of bitterness and acrimony, and of the same national pride as he condemns in *Johnson*, but he appeals to facts and to living persons of character and veracity, and such evidence is not easily set aside.

Hort. I wish you would leave Dr. *Johnson* and Mr. *Mc Nichol* to settle their disputes between themselves, and give us your own opinion.

Eupb. I ought first to shew you the grounds of my opinion, and to do that I must relate another curious circumstance.

A friend of mine wrote to a young gentleman who was in the Highlands, observing the remains of Antiquity there, and making enquiry into the authenticity of *Offian's* works. My friend sent the traveller a fragment of his own composing, in imitation of *Offian's* manner—He shewed it to several persons in the Highlands, and asked what they thought of it?—they told him it was one of *Offian's* fragments, and they remembered it perfectly well.—This proof of dissimilarity in support of the national claim to *Offian's* credit, renders very doubtful every account we receive from the natives of his country.

Hort. This is indeed a curious circumstance.—but I want to have your opinion upon this complicated evidence.

Euph. You oblige me to go farther into many subjects than I intended, and you must bear whatever blame I shall incur. I believe that Mr. *Macpherson* collected together all the traditional stories of the Highlands, that he put them into his own loom, and wove them into a regular piece.

His

His works bear strong marks of genius and Originality, they are bold and figurative, and some of them are highly pleasing. It is certainly a very respectable collection.—The ingenious and unfortunate *Chatterton's* compositions I think to be of the same kind.—The ground-work his Manuscripts, the building his own.

Hort. In what class of writing would you place *Offian*,—pray tell us?—In the Romance or Novel?—or will you give him a place among your Epic Poets?

Euph. It is difficult to assign a place to the writings of *Offian*.—*Fingal* is undoubtedly an Epic, but not a Poem.—I cannot give that name to what is neither prose nor verse,—this sort of writing, corrupts and spoils our language, and destroys the barrier, which nature has placed, to distinguish between poetry and prose.—I think if you have no objection I would reckon *Offian* among the Romances.

Hort. With all my heart, I give him up to your sentence.—But I do not feel myself satisfied with your treatment of the great Epic

Poets *Homer* and *Virgil*, whose works you have as I think degraded, by base comparisons.—Those who are placed at the top of *Parnassus*.

Euph. And think you there are no other Epic poets but *Homer* and *Virgil*?

Hort. None worthy to be placed in the first rank of excellence.

Euph. I suppose there may have been many, but some are lost by time and accident. I have mentioned the *Knight's Tale* in *Chaucer*, the *'Squire's Tale* is of the same kind.—Many of the metrical Romances ought to be ranked as Epic poems.—And will you deny the title of Epic poets to *Ariosto*?—To *Tasso*?—To *Guarini*?—To *Camoens*?—To *Milton*?

Hort. I do not.—But I look upon them as only successful imitators of the great Ancients.

Euph. You put me in mind of a prejudice I received in my youth, from reading the verses placed before the first editions of *Milton*.

Three poets in three distant ages born;
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,—
The next in Majesty,—in both the last.—
The force of nature, could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the former two.

I understood this compliment literally, and believed there never were but three Epic poets, and that it was impossible there could ever be a fourth.

Hort. And you think I have a prejudice of the same kind?—According to your account, Epic poets are as plentiful as mushrooms.

Euph. Not so neither—they are rare, but not so scarce as is generally believed.—*Pope* had laid a plan for an Epic Poem that might have equalled him to your great Ancients.

Hort. I hope you reckon *Sir Richard Blackmore* in your list of Epic poets?

Euph. It is not a man's believing himself a poet, that will oblige the world to receive him as such:—many other writers have been under the same mistake as *Blackmore*.—If we leave it to time to decide the point, it will ap-

pear which is the real, and which the pretended Genius.

Hort. But will you make no amends for your heretical opinions of *Homer* and *Virgil*?

Euph. I have no amends to make.—I have placed them at the head of their class, and paid them every mark of respect and veneration.

Hort. Then we have only traced the circle, and returned to the same place we set out from.

Soph. And there let us rest, and leave time also to decide upon it. I have waited some time to mention some books that *Euphrasia* has either pass'd by, or reserved for her last class:—I mean the German Stories,—or what will you call them, of *Gesner*, *Klopstock*, and other writers, or paraphrasers of the Scripture stories?

Euph. I cannot say I am an admirer of them.—I have already spoken against all those stories where truth and fiction are blended together.—If this is exceptionable in profane History, it is certainly much more so in regard

gard to Scripture.—The translations of these books help to spoil our language, which has suffered much by such innovations, and much more from paltry imitations of them. I wish they were all laid on an heap, and burnt together.

Hort. I knew a worthy divine of our church, who expressed the same wish, respecting all the commentaries on the Scriptures, and said that men would be the better Christians for it.

Euph. I do not presume to give an opinion upon so important a subject, but I do think there are too many books upon most others. It is perhaps providential that some should be forgotten, to make room for others, or else literally the world would not contain them.

Soph. I have seen a book called the *History of Joseph*, of the kind I mentioned. It was attributed to Mrs. Rowe, of whose writings you have made no mention.

Euph. Mrs. Rowe's writings are very respectable.—They breathe a true spirit of piety, tinged with a degree of Enthusiasm, above the reach of ordinary Christians.

Her *Letters moral and entertaining*, are very proper for youth.

She wrote a poem, called *Joseph*, which is not unworthy of a place upon the shelf with other modern Epic poems.—One of the admirers of the German books above named, has paraphrased Mrs. Rowe's *Joseph*, and extended it to a thick Octavo volume; and put it into the same kind of language, which is neither prose nor verse. It grieves me to see this trash circulate while the poem is forgot.

The German books of this kind are:

The Death of Abel, by M. Gesner.

The Messiah, by M. Klopstock.

Noah,

I shall not mention the English imitations, but leave them quietly to their repose.

I have now done with this neutral class of writing, and with all the rest of the Genus. What remains is to consider the effects of Novel reading upon the manners, and to draw some inferences, with an humble view to public utility.—But this must be the subject of a future conversation, for it grows late.

Soph.

Soph. You have brought us, as you threatened, within view of our journey's end.

Euph. If I have omitted any works of eminence, I shall be glad to be reminded of it before I conclude. It is very probable that I may.

Hort. If you have it is very excusable in so numerous a class of writers. I think you have done justice to every body, but the Ancient Poets.

Euph. Who shall decide this point for us both?—Will you give consent that I should appeal to the Public to decide upon it?

Hort. In what manner will you ask the public opinion?

Euph. Be it known to you, that I have written down all our conversations as soon as I left you, and got into my own closet.—But I will keep my word, and not publish the work without your consent.

Hort. It is a point of some consequence.—I will consider of it, and tell you the result at our next meeting.

Soph.

Soph. I shall wait for your decision, before I give my own;—in the interval I shall beg permission to read *Euphrasia's* manuscript.

Euph. With all my heart. You have both a right to see it, consider it well, and decide its fate.—For this time I take my leave.

Hort. It is time that you should have some respite.—Pray let us know when you are at leisure to finish this subject.

Euph. I will send you word when I am prepared to receive you.

Hort. Ladies, a good evening to you both!

EVENING

EVENING XII.

Hortensius, Sophronia, Euphrasia.

Hort. LADIES well met!—this clear frosty day has tempted you to walk.

Euph. *Sophronia* tempted me abroad, out of regard for my health.

Soph. I did indeed, for sedentary amusements, have hurt both her health and spirits. There is no way of enduring the cold but by bidding it defiance,—exercise renews our health and spirits.

Hort. I rejoice to find you pursuing this salutary maxim,—no people are born too tender to endure their own climate,—it is indulgence and luxury that effeminates us, and then we complain of our country, and fly to others

others to recover what we have lost by our own fault.

Soph. Britain was always esteem'd a mild and temperate country till within the last century.

Hort. You say true, and the present race are not very like the descendants of the Britons that were found here by *Julius Cæsar*.

Euph. The Britons are not more altered in this, than in all other respects—their manners,—their customs,—their amusements.

Hort. Their amusements will bring us to our old subject,—suppose you both go home with me, and pursue it there?

Euph. No—It is you that must go with me, my notes and extracts are in my own library, and I shall want them frequently.

Hort. I am ready to attend you at this time, but the next visit must be to me.

Euph. We shall then have concluded our progress, and I shall ask your advice in regard to a future undertaking.

Hort. At your pleasure,—but do not shorten your walk.

Soph.

Soph. She is glad of a pretence to finish it I assure you.

Euph. I will not reply to the charge.—*Hortensius* you shall say all that you can against Novels,—I will reply to your censures, and *Sophronia* shall be Moderator between us.

Hort. I shall not spare them, notwithstanding the ill success I have had whenever I have been your opponent.

Euph. Nor shall I contradict you, unless when your censure is too general and indiscriminate, on works of Genius, taste, and morality.

Soph. It is no easy task to separate and select them, for they are found altogether, good, bad, and indifferent, in the Chaos of a circulating Library.

Euph. A Circulating Library is indeed a great evil,—young people are allowed to subscribe to them, and to read indiscriminately all they contain; and thus both food and poison are conveyed to the young mind together.

Hort. I should suppose that if books of the worst kind were excluded; still there would be enough

enough to lay a foundation of idleness and folly.—A person used to this kind of reading will be disgusted with every thing serious or solid, as a weakened and depraved stomach rejects plain and wholesome food.

Soph. There is truth and justice in your observation,—but how to prevent it?

Hort. There are yet more and greater evils behind.—The seeds of vice and folly are sown in the heart,—the passions are awakened,—false expectations are raised.—A young woman is taught to expect adventures and intrigues,—she expects to be addressed in the style of these books, with the language of flattery and adulation.—If a plain man addresses her in rational terms and pays her the greatest of compliments,—that of desiring to spend his life with her,—that is not sufficient, her vanity is disappointed, she expects to meet a Hero in Romance.

Euph. No *Hortensius*,—not a Hero in Romance, but a fine Gentleman in a Novel:—you will not make the distinction.

Hort.

Hort. I ask your pardon, I agreed to the distinction and therefore ought to observe it.

Euph. I would not have interrupted you on this punctilio; but let us walk into the house, and pursue the subject in the Library.

Hort. Now you are armed with your extracts, you think yourself invulnerable.

Euph. I will not attempt to contradict you, unless I have good reason for it.—I beg you to proceed with your remarks.

Hort. From this kind of reading, young people fancy themselves capable of judging of men and manners, and that they are knowing, while involved in the profoundest ignorance. They believe themselves wiser than their parents and guardians, whom they treat with contempt and ridicule:—Thus armed with ignorance, conceit, and folly, they plunge into the world and its dissipations, and who can wonder if they become its victims?—For such as the foundation is, such will be the superstructure.

Euph. All this is undoubtedly true, but at the same time would you exclude all works of fiction

fiction from the young reader?—In this case you would deprive him of the pleasure and improvement he might receive from works of genius, taste and morality.

Hort. Yes, I would serve them as the Priest did *Don Quixote's* library, burn the good ones for being found in bad company.

Euph. That is being very severe, especially if you consider how far your execution would extend.—If you would prohibit reading *all* works of fiction, what will become of your favourites the great Ancients, as well as the most ingenious and enlightened modern writers?

Soph. Surely this is carrying the prohibition too far, and though it may sound well in Theory, it would be utterly impracticable.

Hort. I do not deny that.—There are many things to be wished, that are not to be hoped. I see no way to cure this vice of the times, but by extirpating the cause of it.

Euph. Pray *Hortensius*, is all this severity in behalf of our sex or your own?

Hort. Of both.—Yet yours are most concerned in my remonstrance for they read more
of

of these books than ours, and consequently are most hurt by them.

Euph. You will then become a Knight errant, to combat with the windmills, which your imagination represents as Giants; while in the mean time you leave a side unguarded.

Hort. And you have found it out. Pray tell me without metaphors, your meaning in plain English?

Euph. It seems to me that you are unreasonably severe upon these books, which you suppose to be appropriated to our sex, (which however is not the case):—not considering how many books of worse tendency, are put into the hands of the youth of your own, without scruple.

Hort. Indeed!—how will you bring proofs of that assertion?

Euph. I will not go far for them: I will fetch them from the School books, that generally make a part of the education of young men.—They are taught the History—the Mythology—the morals—of the great Ancients, whom you and all learned men reverence. But

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with these, they learn also—their Idolatry—their follies—their vices—and every thing that is shocking to virtuous manners. *Zu-
stovius* teaches them that *ferus* first made
Gods—that men grew out of the earth like
trees, and that the indulgence of the passions
and appetites, is the truest wisdom. *Juvénal*
and *Perfius* describe such scenes, as I may
venture to affirm that Romance and Novel-
writers of any credit would blush at—and
Virgil—the modest and delicate *Virgil*, in-
forms them of many things, they had better
be ignorant of.—As a woman I cannot give
this argument its full weight.—But a hint is
sufficient, and I presume you will not deny
the truth of my assertion.

Hort. I am astonished—admonished—and
convinced!—I cannot deny the truth of what
you have advanced, I confess that a reform-
ation is indeed wanting in the mode of Edu-
cation of the youth of our sex.

Soph. Of both sexes you may say.—We
will not condemn yours and justify our own.
—You are convinced, and *Euphrasia* will use
her victory generously I am certain.

Euph.

Euph. You judge rightly.—I do not presume to condemn indiscriminately, the books used in the education of youth; but surely they might be better selected, and some omitted, without any disadvantage.—I fear there is little prospect of such a general reformation as *Hortensius* generously wishes for. If any method can be found to alleviate these evils, it must be lenient—gradual—and practicable.—Let us then try to find out some expedient, with respect to those kind of books, which are our proper subject.

As this kind of reading is so common, and so much in every body's power, it is the more incumbent on parents and guardians to give young people a good taste for reading, and above all to lay the foundation of good principles from their very infancy; to make them read what is really good, and by forming their taste teach them to despise paltry books of every kind.—When they come to maturity of reason, they will scorn to run over a circulating Library, but will naturally aspire to read the best books of all kinds.

Soph. In most cases, it would supersede the evil we complain of: but for the middling and lower ranks of people, I apprehend this would not hinder either children or servants from reading Novels.

Euph. The best way to do this is to find them constant employment. In every rank and situation, people may superintend the education of their children, and "*train them up in the way they should go.*" There is no duty enjoined but what is practicable.—I am afraid the negligence of parents, is too often the cause of a wrong bias in their children,—or else their false indulgence, which is equally prejudicial to them.

With all these precautions in view, I would select such books as were proper to be put into the hands of youth; and with the same circumspection I would carry them to the Theatres, to satisfy the curiosity of youth, and prevent their taking these amusements clandestinely, for how in an age like this, cou'd I flatter myself I cou'd prevent them?

Soph.

Soph. This is indeed the medium between the two extremes; and I think *Hortensius* can make no objection to it.

Hort. I can only say that were I a father, I would suffer no such books to come into my house.

Euph. Then your children would borrow them of their young friends;—indeed *Hortensius* your prohibition would be to no purpose.

Hort. Then I thank God I am not in a situation to want to use it.

Euph. You do not consider that there are some works of this kind to which you have given your plaudit, and others, which I have shewn you were written as an antidote to the bad effects of them, tho' under the disguise and name of Novels.

Hort. Well, that is true, and I will allow that when the principles are fixed, and the character formed, they may be read with safety; but that there are very few of them proper for youth to read: and as there are upon a moderate calculation ten of the wrong sort to one of the right, it is ten to one that a child meets with the former.

Soph. You are now more candid and reasonable, and we will agree with you. But *Euphrasia* is looking over her extracts, she has more to say to you.

Euph. I have said that there are a kind of books, which tho' published under the title of Novels, are designed as an antidote to the bad effects of them. I have some Extracts from these, which I hope you will think worthy of your attention.

But first I shall give you an Extract from *A Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man, with those of the Animal World*, by Dr. Gregory, a work generally read and admired.

“ Notwithstanding the absurdities of the
 “ old Romance, it seems calculated to pro-
 “ duce more favorable effects on the morals
 “ of mankind than our modern Novels. If
 “ the former did not represent men as they
 “ really are, it represented them better. Its
 “ heroes were patterns of courage, truth,
 “ generosity, humanity, and the most exalted
 “ virtues,—its heroines were distinguished
 “ for

" for modesty, delicacy, and the utmost dig-
 " nity of manners. The latter represent man-
 " kind too much what they really are, and
 " paint such scenes of pleasure and vice as
 " are unworthy to see the light; and thus in
 " a manner hackney youth in the ways of
 " wickedness before they are well entered
 " into the world; they expose the fair sex in
 " the most wanton and shameless manner to
 " the eyes of the whole world, by stripping
 " them of that modest reserve, which is the
 " foundation of grace and dignity, the veil
 " with which nature intended to protect them
 " from too familiar an eye, in order to be at
 " once the greatest incitement to love, and
 " the greatest security to virtue."

Another passage from the same Author.—

" The pleasure we receive from History,
 " arises in a great measure from the same
 " source with that we receive from Romance,
 " it is not a bare recital of facts that gives
 " us pleasure, they must be facts that give
 " some agitation to the mind, by their being
 " important, interesting, or surprising; but

“these events do not frequently recur in History, it is not surprising, but it is sometimes difficult to keep our attention awake.”

Her. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this Extract favours my argument more than yours.

Euph. I give it up to you, so make your most of it; if it speaks truth and reason, I will give my assent it, though perhaps I may not agree to the inferences you may draw from it.

Seph. It favours *Euphrasia's* argument in favour of the old Romances, and speaks of the Novels in contrast with them.

Euph. My next Extract is from the *Placid Man*, against exhibiting vicious or shocking Characters to public view.

“Tho’ a good character may not have the designed effect with regard to improving the mind of the reader, a bad one will always act strongly the contrary way. The goodness of the one is easily forgotten, but the viciousness of the other cleaves to the mind.”

“the

“ the mind of the young reader, and has its
“ effect according to the disposition of him
“ who receives it; if that is good, the pic-
“ ture of vice may carry a degree of disgust
“ with it, which may prevent its doing him—
“ much harm; but if it happens to be more
“ inclined to evil, (which without being
“ uncandid, we may, I fear, suppose more
“ than an equal chance,) vicious images will
“ strengthen that propensity, and however
“ careful the Author may have been in ren-
“ dering strict poetical justice, by making
“ punishment the certain effect of criminal
“ indulgence, the ideas of the indulgence
“ will remain upon the mind, after those
“ of the punishment are effaced. I am con-
“ vinced that the introducing profligate cha-
“ racters either into Novels, or upon the
“ Stage by way of exposing them to shame
“ and ridicule, is a very dangerous experi-
“ ment, especially for young minds; for as
“ *Swift's Directions to Servants* is said to
“ have made more bad servants than ever it
“ corrected, by teaching them tricks, which
“ without

"without his wit they wou'd never have
 "found out, so a series of crimes and follies,
 "may give an insight into vice, which the
 "good moral drawn from them may not
 "prevent being put in practice."

Hort. I entirely approve this Author's remarks, and believe that the shocking stories exhibited to view in the public papers (frequently false or misrepresented,) have a bad effect upon young minds;—they familiarize their eyes to scenes of vice and folly, and sometimes to *crimes* of which they would be ignorant, and which are the disgrace of human nature.

Soph. I have often thought so, but how is it possible to prevent it?

Hort. The first step is to point it out, for what remains, it must be left to different times and manners, which we may hope will arise in due time; when poverty and distress, shall have made a general reformation both necessary and practicable:—at present our great men are fully employed, in disputing over the spoils of their unhappy and impoverished

poverished country. An Englishman cannot behold it without a sigh, nor speak of it but with indignation.

Oh England, model to thy inward greatness:
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'st thou do, that wou'd thee honour do
Were all thy children kind and natural?

SHAKESPEARE.

Euph. Alas there is but too much foundation for your remarks!—But let us hope the best, and be prepared for the worst.—Let me recal you to the subject, by observing that it was an extract from a *Novel* that led you into these deep reflections.—Confess *Hortensius* that a *Novel* may be a moral production?

Hort. It would be folly to deny it. But how few are such in comparison of those we have unanimously condemned?

Euph. Perhaps there are more of the better sort than you are acquainted with;—I have had the honour to introduce many to your notice and I may yet increase the number.—I should apologize for my next Extract from a *Novel* of later date than my limited year 1770—but the Extract itself shall be my apology.

Extract

Extract from the *Trial, or the History of Charles Horton, Esq.*

“ If you wish in a Novel to inculcate some
 “ moral truth, to hide a jewel under so thin
 “ a veil that its brilliancy may be easily dis-
 “ cerned, there should always be a reference
 “ to the manners and the time in which it is
 “ written; there should be the greatest pro-
 “ bability, carried thro’ the whole allegory,
 “ that your reason may not be shocked, while
 “ your imagination is pleased. If Novels
 “ were properly regulated with this design
 “ always in view, they might become really
 “ useful to society. A moral lesson other-
 “ wise dry and tedious in itself, might be
 “ communicated in a pleasing dress: as a pill
 “ has its desired effect, tho’ wrapped in a
 “ gold or silver leaf. The more inviting les-
 “ sons of instruction are made, certainly the
 “ better; for who are they that read Novels?
 “ —Not men of learning, for they despise
 “ them,” (*read affect to despise them*), —“ not
 “ men of business, for they have other em-
 “ ployments, — not the rich and great, for
 “ they

“they have other amusements.—The mid-
“ling rank of people then are the chief if
“not the only readers,”—(*certainly not the*
“*only, for they are the resource of idle peo-*
“*ple of all ranks and degrees among us*)—
“but particularly the young, the volatile,
“the hearts most susceptible of all kinds of
“impressions.—To these the chastest images
“should be presented, for these the purest
“pictures painted and selected.—Vice should
“be represented as it really is, attended with
“that trouble and confusion that should de-
“ter the wandering feet of innocence and
“screed from treading in her paths, and
“where it is necessary to give a loose to in-
“vention, the greatest care should be taken,
“not to pass the line of decency. Novels
“written with this respect might be made
“subservient to the best and noblest pur-
“poses. Were I a despotic prince, I would
“sooner hang a man that wrote a work of
“direct, or indirect tendency to corrupt the
“morals of youth, than one who committed
“a robbery on the high road. We degenerate,
“we

"we descend into the depravities of our nature too soon, and too easily; we want no enticements of this, or any other kind."

Soph. This Extract makes its own apology.—It is in your favour.

Euph. I have selected such passages as speak the language of truth, candour, and impartiality, without considering whether they favoured my own opinions or not.—I find one more Extract, but thro' inadvertency I have omitted the name of the book from whence it is taken.

"The effects of Romance, and true History upon young minds is not very different. The great and important duty of a writer is, to point out the difference between Virtue and Vice, to shew one rewarded, and the other punished; for young people pay more regard to present good, than to future recompense,—it is by degrees that they understand, and admit with reluctance, these wholesome and necessary truths. It is of the utmost consequence that these distinctions should be enforced

“ enforced in the strongest manner, that they
“ may be excited to copy good, and avoid
“ evil actions. The dullest book that ever
“ was written with a moral view, is preferable
“ to the most witty and elegant where these
“ distinctions are overthrown. How dan-
“ gerous and destructive is it then to suffer
“ young people to read books where Vice is
“ palliated and extenuated, and even recom-
“ mended under other names,—where forni-
“ cation is called gallantry—dissipation pleas-
“ ure—prodigality generosity—and selfish-
“ ness a due regard to one’s own interest.—
“ What punishment do such men deserve,
“ who write with a design to gratify the va-
“ nities, the follies, the passions, the vices
“ of youth, and furnish them with excuses
“ for the most atrocious actions?—The poor
“ pilferer who steals to supply his natural
“ wants is hanged, and these pernicious mem-
“ bers of society, are rewarded for poisoning
“ the morals of the rising generation.—How
“ weak, how ineffectual are human laws to
“ answer their intended purposes; and bad
“ at

"at the world is, it would be much worse;
 "but it were not for the interposition of a su-
 "perior law, in cases which no human one
 "can reach."

Hort. This last Extract is clearly in my
 favour, but I respect too much your candour
 and impartiality to make an unfair use of it.

Euph. I thank you for this concession.—
 We are not very different in opinion,—I would
 exclude books of bad tendency from the
 hands of youth, as strongly as yourself, but
 I would separate the *grain* from the *chaff*.

—*Soph.* It is now that I may enter upon my
 office of Moderator.—*Hortensius* would pro-
 hibit the reading all Novels in order to ex-
 clude the bad ones.—*Euphrasia* would make
 a separation in favour of works of Genius,
 taste, and morality; she would recommend
 such methods of preventing the mischiefs
 arising from novel reading, as are moderate,
 prudent, and above all *practicable*.—

The objections to bad books of this spe-
 cies, are equally applicable to all other kinds
 of writing,—indecent novels; indecent plays;
 essays,

essays, memoirs, dialogues are equally to be exploded: but it does not follow that all these kinds of writing are to be extirpated, because some are bad.—By the same kind of reasoning we might plead for the prohibition of all kinds of writing; for excellent and unexceptionable works of every species, may be contrasted with vicious and immoral ones: All these objections amount to no more than that bad books are bad things;—but shall we therefore prohibit reading?

Hort. You have spoken to some purpose.—I know that mine is an *Utopian* scheme; and I acknowledge that *Euphrasia's* is practicable, if parents and guardians would give due attention to it.

Euph. Then we are agreed at last,—Selection is to be strongly recommended, and good books to be carefully chosen by all that are concerned in the education of youth.—In order to make this work of ours of some public utility, I would recommend some that may properly be given to children even from their infancy, and as they grow up towards

maturity:—that is to say, if my friends think it worthy to be offered to the public.

Hort. Why, if you will do it in your own name I have no objection,—but I should not choose that mine should appear in print.

Euph. I will so disguise it that you shall not know yourself, and *Sophronia* likewise shall appear in Masquerade.

Seph. I leave it entirely to you to dispose of me, in whatever way you think most proper for your service.

Hort. I am thinking, that from your part in our past conversations, any person who did not know you well, would conclude that your principal, if not only study, had been Romances and Novels.

Euph. I am under no concern on that account, it is not of any consequence how much or how little one knows, but the use one makes of the knowledge one has acquired.—If like the industrious bee I have cull'd from various flowers my share of Honey, and stored it in the common Hive, I shall have performed the duties of a good citizen of the Republic of letters, and I shall not have lived in vain.

Hort.

Hort. You are entitled to this approbation from your intention,—and further—

Eupb. No further I beseech you. If you pay me any compliments, I shall be obliged to expunge them from my copy.—If my work deserves public approbation, I trust it will meet with it.

Soph. I am concerned that you should have limited yourself to a year, for I have wished you to speak of some books of later date.

Eupb. As Novels I cannot, but only as books deserving public honours, on the score of public utility.—As such I have a desire to mention the works of the Countess of Genlis.—*The Theatre of Education* for young people, an excellent work.—And her other Publications, *Theodore and Adelaide*, and the *Tales of the Castle*, are a school for Parents, Guardians, and Preceptors.—I had rather be the Author of such books as these, than be reckoned the first wit of the Age.

Soph. You have done them justice, but there are some Novels of merit within the last ten years.

Eupb. The public will do them justice, and time will shew, whether they owed their success to intrinsic merit, or to the caprice of fashion. I will not be drawn in to say any thing more of them.

Hort. We will not urge you any further,—you have fully executed the plan you laid down, and we leave the conclusion to you.

Eupb. Here then I conclude, and thank you for your assistance, and the patience with which you have attended me in my progress. As soon as I have made out my list of books, I will return your visit *Hortensius*, and desire your opinion upon it.

Hort. I shall hope for that pleasure soon.—I now take my leave wishing you the best reward of your labours, Fame and Profit!

Soph. I join heartily in the same wish.

Eupb. Every kind of happiness attend you my good friends!—For what remains, I shall (without asking the aid of puffing, or the influence of the tide of fashion,) leave the decision to an impartial and discerning public.

THE

THE Author of the *Progress of Romance*, does not presume to direct such Parents and Guardians in the choice of books for youth, as are qualified to select them; but only to offer to those, who have not thought much upon the subject themselves, and those who commit the charge of education to others; a list of such books as may be put into the hands of children with safety, and also with advantage. This list is confined to books in our own language, and is intended chiefly for the female sex. It is certainly the duty of every Mother, to consider seriously, the consequences of suffering children to read all the books that fall in their way indiscriminately. It is also a very bad and too frequent practice, to give them books above their years and understandings, by the reading of which they seem to the partial parent to acquire a prematurity of knowledge; while

in reality, they are far more ignorant, than those who advance slowly and surely,—whose understandings are gradually cultivated, without being over loaded,—and whose reason is assisted gently and carefully, till it attains its full maturity.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

A Little Spelling-Book for Children.

J. Newberry's Books for Children.

Marshall's Books for Children.

Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons for Children.

An easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature, and the Study of the Scriptures, by Mrs. Trimmer.

Sacred History selected from the Scriptures, by Mrs. Trimmer.

Reading made easy—the best Edition.

Fenning's Spelling-Book.

Dodsley's Fables, ancient and modern.

Lessing's Fables,—translated from the German.

Gay's Fables.

Cotton's

Cotton's Visions.

Female Academy, or History of Mrs. Teachum.

Oeconomy of Human Life.

Madame de Lambert's Advice to a Son and Daughter.

Magazin des Enfants,—translated.

Madame Bonne,—translated.

Geography for Children.

History of England,—Question and Answer.

Roman History,—ditto.

Grecian History,—ditto.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG LADIES:

A Father's Instructions, by Dr. Percival.

A Father's Legacy, by Dr. Gregory.

Mrs. Talbot's Meditations for every Day in the Week.

Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Moral and Entertaining.

Mrs. Chapone's Works.

Mrs. H. More's Sacred Drama's, and Search after Happiness.

Moore's Fables for the Female Sex.
Galateo, or the Art of Politeness.
The Lady's Preceptor.
The Geographical Grammar.
Lowth's English Grammar.
The Spectator.
The Guardian.
The Adventurer.
Rambler.
The Connoisseur.
Nature Displayed.
Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds.
Telemachus.
Travels of Cyrus.
Theatre of Education, by Madame Genli.
Tales of the Castle, by the same.
Richardson's Works.
Fordyce's Sermons to young Women.
Mason on Self Knowledge.
The Speaker, by Dr. Enfield.

F I N I S.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
CHAROBA,

Queen of Ægypt.

TAKEN FROM A
HISTORY OF ANCIENT ÆGYPT,
ACCORDING TO THE
TRADITIONS OF THE ARABIANS.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CHABABA

Queen of Egypt

A FABLE FROM A

HISTORY OF EGYPT

ACCORDING TO THE

TRADITIONS OF THE ARABIAN

HISTORY OF CHAROBA

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
C H A R O B A,

Queen of Ægypt.

CHAROBA, was the only daughter and heir of *Totis* king of *Ægypt*; who was likewise called *Pbaraon*, and *Pheron*, by other nations.

In the reign of *Totis*, *Abraham* the beloved of God came into *Ægypt*; and it is written, that he would have corrupted *Sarah* the wife of *Abraham*, but God punished the king, and delivered his servants. Afterwards *Totis* shewed them great respect, and offered them gold and treasures, but they refused them.

them. Then he recommended *Sarah* to his daughter *Charoba*, and desired her to shew her some tokens of respect. *Charoba* was a young and blooming Virgin, handsome, ingenious, and of a generous spirit, she took *Sarah* into her friendship, shewed her all kinds of honour, and sent her many rich presents.—*Sarah* brought them all to *Abraham*, and asked his advice concerning them; he ordered her to restore them, and to say that they had no need of them.—*Sarah* therefore returned them all to *Charoba*, who was surpris'd, and acquainted her father with all that had pass'd, which increased his admiration of them; seeing they refused all those things, which others the most eagerly sought, and used every means to obtain. And he said unto his daughter,—“ These are persons of high estimation, who are full of holiness and sincerity, and are not covetous of perishable goods;—*Charoba* do whatever you can to shew them honour, that they may leave their blessing with us when they depart our country.

After

After this, *Charoba* gave *Hagar* unto *Sarah*, who was in due time the mother of our father *Ishmael* (God's peace be with him!)—*Hagar* was a beautiful young maiden, a Coptess by nation. When she was presented to *Sarah*, *Charoba* said—"Behold thy recompence," therefore *Sarah* called her *Agar*.

When *Abraham* had resolved to return out of *Ægypt* into *Syria*, *Charoba* provided many baskets of provision of all kinds, with preserved fruits and many excellent things to eat by the way; saying "these things are only for your accommodation by the way, and not to enrich you."

Sarah told *Abraham* of this, and he permitted her to accept this present, saying, "there was no harm in receiving it from the generous princess." *Totis* requested of *Abraham* that he would pray to God for his benediction of his country.—*Abraham* therefore prayed to God for *Ægypt* and its inhabitants.—He also gave his benediction to the *Nile*, and told *Totis* that his family should reign there for many ages.—Likewise he gave his

his benediction to *Charoba*, and *Sarab* gave her the hand of friendship, and they departed out of *Ægypt*.

Charoba caused mules to be loaden with her provisions, and sent her own people to conduct them till they were gotten quite out of *Ægypt*.

Being got a good way on their journey, *Abraham* said unto *Sarab*, " Give us to eat
" some of those provisions which the princess
" of *Ægypt* gave unto you." Then *Sarab*
ordered the baskets to be set before them,
and they, and their companions also, eat of
the provisions.—And they did so many days.
—But when they came to the last basket, they
found it full of precious jewels, and curious
things, and changes of garments.—Where-
upon *Abraham* said, " this princess hath de-
" ceived us, and obliged us to accept of her
" treasures.—Great God give her subtilty to
" deceive her enemies, and to vanquish all
" those who shall arise to do her harm, and
" to strive with her for her land!—Bless her
" in her country, and in her river, and make
" that

“ that country a place of plenty, safety, and
 “ prosperity ! ”

When the beloved of God was come into the land of *Syria*, he spent those gifts in pious works,—in lodging and feeding pilgrims, and in making many wells, which he ordered to be common. He also bought flocks and herds, which he set apart for all travellers,—for the poor and needy,—for the lame and the blind : and God gave him his benediction, and caused his riches to increase and multiply. Also God gave him children after a long time, and in his old age :—first *Hagar* bore him a son which was our father *Ishmael* ; and after some years *Sarah* likewise bare a son.—And *Hagar* and her son left *Syria* and went into *Arabia*.—And *Hagar* sent a messenger to *Charoba*, to acquaint her that she had borne a son,—whereat *Charoba* rejoiced, and sent her abundance of gold, and jewels, and fine *Ægyptian* linen, to dress her son withal. Out of these treasures *Hagar* provided ornaments for the square temple at *Mecca*, and she also established a porter in the same temple.

Totis

Totis king of *Ægypt*, lived till after that time, and *Hagar* sent him word that she had a strong and valiant son; but that they lived in a barren land, and prayed him to supply them with provisions.

To this end, *Totis* caused a channel to be made on the Eastern side of *Ægypt*, and brought into it the water of the *Nile*, so that it carried vessels into the salt sea, which is the channel of the red Sea.—By this way he caused Wheat to be sent to *Hagar* and her son, and many other presents.—They went by water as far as *Gedde*, and from thence were carried to *Mecca* on the backs of beasts.—By these means God preserved the inhabitants of *Mecca*, and relieved their wants;—therefore the *Arabians* spoke well of *Totis*, and called him the *just*, as having performed the promises he made them, and given proofs of his good will to them.—Nevertheless, *Totis* was more feared than beloved in his own Country, for he did many unjust and cruel actions. Moreover he put many people to death, and particularly those of his own family,

family, even his nearest relations; and this he did out of jealousy of them, lest they should deprive his daughter of the crown after his death:—but *Charoba* was of a mild and gentle disposition, always endeavouring to prevent the shedding of blood. She was also of a great capacity and ingenuity:—she concealed a near kinsman from the King's cruelty, and preserved him and his family; one of which she afterwards appointed to succeed her on the throne, as we shall shew hereafter.

Totis in his old age, was hated and feared by all the nobility; and even *Charoba* dreaded his cruelty. She also suspected that they would take away the Crown from his posterity; therefore, it was surmised, that she connived at the conspiracy against his life; for he was poisoned, but no man knew by what means, or by what persons.

After *Totis* was dead, the people could not, at first, agree about a successor:—Some said they would have the race of *Abribus*, one of their ancient princes,—others would have a

new family called to the throne;—most of them objected to the government of a woman.—While they were thus undetermined, one of the Viziers rose up, and spoke thus to them.

“My friends,—*Charoba* is a woman of great understanding, she is likewise of a mild and merciful disposition;—there is no reason why she should be excluded from the succession:—moreover the good man that came from *Syria* and his wife have given her their benedictions:—she is beloved by all that are acquainted with her noble qualities, and if you take the crown from her and give it to another, you will certainly have cause to repent of your precipitation.”

The people on better consideration, inclined to this good advice, and the grandees of the kingdom by degrees came into it: so they deputed this Vizier to go to *Charoba*, and in their name, intreat her to fill the vacant throne. So that Vizier placed *Charoba*, in the royal seat.—The first time she sat on the royal

royal throne, she gave great sums away to the people; shewing great liberality, and promising much happiness to all her subjects,—she doubled the pay of the soldiers,—she honoured the priests and sages, and the chiefs of the nobility.—She likewise countenanced the magicians and their fraternity,—she caused the temples to be repaired and enlarged, and built many public edifices. She reigned many years wisely and happily; and she remembered the benediction of *Abraham*, and believed that by the protection of his God, she subdued all her enemies, and was respected by her people.

After a long time, it happened that *Gebirus* the *Metophequian* heard of her fame; and he was minded to pay her a visit, and oblige her to marry him.—*Gebirus* was of a gigantic stature, and descended from the race of the *Gadites*,—and when he sat on the ground seemed as high as the tallest men,—he was strong of body, and fierce of disposition,—he had a distemper in his body that gave him constant pain;—his physicians advised him to seek out another country, the

soil of which, with the air and water were more suitable to his temperament.

They gave him such an account of the land of *Ægypt*, that he resolved to go and take up his abode there.—He called together all his people,—he distributed money and arms among them, and then declared to them his design of taking possession of the land of *Ægypt*; and flattered them with the hopes of victory, reward, and a settlement, in a country that was the garden of the world.—Soon after he began his march, and took with him five thousand *Gadites*, men of great stature and strength; every one of which carried a large stone upon his head, and was completely armed. He travelled till he came to the borders of *Ægypt*, and then sent a message to the Queen, desiring to know in what place she chose he should enter *Ægypt*; for he was unwilling to oppose her in any thing, but would appear to be obedient to all her commands.—His design was to marry her, and make himself King of *Ægypt*; or, in case she refused him, to dam up the course of the *Nile*, with the stones his people

people brought upon their heads,—to turn the channel into another country and so make the *Egyptians* die of famine, and to ruin their country. He sent a splendid Embassy to *Charoba*, bragging of his strength and riches, and offering himself to be her husband.

Charoba had a woman servant, who had been her nurse,—an artful, subtle, contriving woman, and a great Enchantress.—*Charoba* consulted her in all affairs, and advised with her on this emergency.—She gave her advice to this effect.—“It seems to me that there is
 “no probability of defeating these huge bo-
 “dies by fighting, we must rather subdue
 “them by stratagem: And to this end, we
 “must manage our business so, that they may
 “neither do harm to you, nor your sub-
 “jects.—I will therefore, with your permis-
 “sion, go myself to him and give an answer
 “to his embassy in your name.”

The Queen bade her do what seemed best to her. She ordered many of her servants to wait upon the nurse, to do her honour in

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the sight of the Prince, and to shew that she was highly esteemed by her mistress.

The nurse took with her, presents of the most valuable things in *Aegypt*,—precious stones, carved works, preserved fruits, costly garments, perfumes, arms, fine tempered swords, &c.—She presented all these rarities to *Gebirus*, which he willingly received, and afterwards enquired what answer she brought to his suit.—“Great King,” said she, “My mistress is sensible of your valour and merit, and is far from refusing so advantageous an offer; but she must wait for a proper time, before she can reward your love according to your desires.—The nobility are jealous of a foreign prince; and she must manage with them so as to bring them to agree, and to receive you as their sovereign lord; in the mean time you must shew readiness to obey all her commands;—to reside where she shall appoint, and to do what she shall require, and she will take care to provide for you and your servants.” He returned for answer.

answer.—“ If she will receive me for her husband, I am ready to obey her commands in all things; and if the nobility refuse to accept me for a King, let her call upon me, and I will compel them to her will:—and tell her for a marriage gift, I will bring her whatever she pleases to ask of me.”—
 “ My Queen,” replied this cunning ambassador, “ needs not any thing of yours, seeing, that all the riches on both sides, will henceforward be in common between you: but while she is employed in promoting your interest and happiness, she desires that instead of a marriage present, you will cause a city to be built on that side next the great sea, that it may be an honorable mark of your affection to her even to the end of the world.—And that it may be a discovery of your great power, and strength, she would have you employ in this work, those great stones and pillars, which she is informed you brought to dam up the channel of the Nile;—by this you will give proof of your good intentions towards

" the inhabitants of *Egypt*, and you will gain
" their love and duty towards you.—
" Moreover when this work is finished, she
" will over-rule all other difficulties, and
" make you her husband before all the
" world."

The King was exceeding glad at this proposal, and granted her request.—And so it was agreed between them that he should enter *Egypt* on the west side, and that he should found a city there; which was in the same place where *Alexandria* now standeth. So he encamped his army on the sea-side, and *Charoba* sent provisions for him and his people.

Now there were the ruins of a city in that place, which city was founded by *Sedad* the son of *Gad*, who was a great King, and purposed to bring thither whatever was rare and precious in all parts of the world. But the destroyer of castles prevented him, even Death, which none can escape or avoid.—There were many remains of this ancient city; and *Gebirus* caused to be brought thither, all
the

the stones and the pillars he had brought into *Ægypt*. And he assembled the engineers and the artists from all those parts, and they made a model for the new city; and *Charoba* sent him a thousand workmen. Now the nurse who was *Charoba's* confidant, by her orders consulted the magicians; and they by their arts, employed certain demons of the sea, to obstruct the buildings; so that *Gebirus* spent a long time in building, and yet the city advanced very little: for whenever the buildings were nearly finished, while the workmen took their rest by night, the demons of the sea came and pulled down the buildings, and destroyed them; at which *Gebirus* was greatly troubled and afflicted, until he understood the reason, by means of a strange adventure that befel him.

Charoba had sent a thousand goats and sheep, which were milked every day for the King's kitchen. They were kept by a young shepherd to whom *Gebirus* gave the charge of them,—he had other shepherds under him,
and

and they led their flocks out to graze every day by the sea-side.

Now the chief shepherd was a beautiful person, and of a goodly stature and aspect. One day when he had committed his flocks to the other shepherds, and wandered far away from them; he saw a fair young lady rising out of the sea, who walked towards him and saluted him graciously.—He returned her salutation and she began to converse with him.—“Young bman,”—said she, “will you wrestle with me for a wager that I shall lay against you?”—“To What will you lay, fair lady,” said the shepherd, “and what can I stake against you?”—“If you give me a fall,” said the lady, “I will be yours, and at your disposal;—and if I give you a fall, you shall give me a beast, out of your flock.”—“I am content,”—said the shepherd,—so he went towards her, and she met him, and wrestled with him, and presently gave him a fall. She then took a beast out of the flock, and carried it away with her into the sea.

has

She

She came every evening afterwards, and did the same, until the shepherd was desperately in love with her:—so the flock was diminished, and the shepherd was pining away with love and grief.

One day King *Gebirus*, passing by the shepherd, found him sitting very pensive by his flocks: so he came near and spoke to him.—

“What misfortune hath befallen thee shepherd?—why art thou so altered and dejected?—thy flock also diminishes, and gives less milk every day?”—Upon this the shepherd took courage, and told the King all that had befallen him with the lady of the sea.—Which when *Gebirus* heard he was astonished, and in doubt whether to believe him.—

“At what time,” said he, “does this lady visit thee?”—“Every evening,” reply’d the shepherd, “when the sun is just ready to set.”—“Take off thy upper garment,” said the King, “and thy bonnet also,—give them to me, and retire thyself a little way out of sight.”—And the shepherd did so. So

the

the King put on the shepherd's upper garment, and his bonnet, and sat down in his place.

At the accustomed time, the young lady came out of the sea, and saluted the King, who returned her salutation.—“Wilt thou
“wrestle any more with me upon the same
“terms?” said she.—“Yes with all my
“heart,” said the King. So he came towards her, and gave her a fall presently, and crush'd her very much.—She cried out to him to spare her, saying, “you are not my ordinary
“match.”—“No,” said the King, “I am
“his master.”—“Then,” said she, “put me
“into his hands, since I am taken; for he
“has treated me courteously, and I have tor-
“mented his heart with love and grief:—
“mean time he hath captivated me, as I
“have him, and I will at last reward his
“love.—If thou wilt resign me to my shep-
“herd, I will in requital, teach thee how to
“compleat thy buildings, and the city which
“thou hast begun.” He then promised to give her to the shepherd, upon condition, that she would tell him from whence came
the

misfortunes that happened to his buildings, and the means whereby he might finish them.

—"Know then Oh King!" said she, "that
" this land of *Ægypt*, is full of magicians
" and enchanter; and that the sea is full
" of demons and spirits, which assist them to
" carry on their affairs,—to build, and to de-
" stroy. These are they who pull down thy
" buildings, and obstruct thy city."—"And
" what must I do to prevent them?"—said
the King.

So she taught him to make certain statues of copper, and stone, and earth, and wood, and set them along by the sea-side, and she taught him to set spells upon them; so that when the demons of the sea came up to destroy the buildings, they saw the statues and returned back into the sea.

So she went and abode with the shepherd every day, but every night she returned into the sea.

From this time, the buildings of *Gebirus* advanced, and he compleated many structures
as

as he had desired. Then *Gebirus* had another conference with the lady of the sea, and he spoke thus to her:

“Behold I have expended all the money
“that I brought hither, and the city is not
“yet finished, and I have no more money:
“Canst not thou discover to me any hidden
“treasures in this land, whereby I may finish
“my city, and not leave off my work to my
“disgrace and sorrow.”—The lady replied—
“There is much treasure in this ruined city,
“and I will instruct thee how to find it.—
“On the north side of your buildings there is
“a round place,—on the outside are seven
“pillars, with a brazen statue on the top of
“each of them.—Thou shalt sacrifice a fat bull
“to every one of those statues, and cause the
“pillar under it to be rubb’d with the blood
“of the bull; then perfume it with the hair
“of his tail, and shavings of his horns and
“hoofs. Then thou shalt say unto it,—
“Behold the offering I make to thee,—let
“me have that which is under thee, and
“about thee.”—Having said and done thus
“to every one of them, measure from every
“pillar,

“ pillar, on that side the face of the statue
“ is turned towards, fifty cubits.—Then let
“ thy people dig there.—You shall do all this
“ when the moon is at the full.—After you
“ have digged thirty cubits, you will find a
“ great door; cause it to be rubb’d with the
“ gall of the bulls, and then take it away.—
“ You shall then descend into a cave, fifty
“ cubits in length. In it you will find a
“ storehouse made fast with a lock, and the
“ Key will be under the threshold of the door;
“ take it and rub the door with the remain-
“ der of the bulls galls, and perfume it with
“ shavings of the horns and hoofs, and the
“ hair of the tails, and then the door
“ shall open.—You shall then wait a while,
“ till the winds that are enclosed within
“ get vent; and when they are calmed, you
“ may enter. At the entrance, you will meet
“ with a statue of brass, having about its
“ neck, a plate of the same metal; on which
“ is written a catalogue of all the treasures in
“ these storehouses, of which you may take
“ what you please. You shall make no stay
“ before

“before a dead person, whom you shall see
“there, laid upon a bed with regal orna-
“ments. Let not what is about him, of
“jewels and precious things, excite your en-
“vy or covetousness; but, having taken
“away what is sufficient for your occasions,
“depart immediately; making fast the doors,
“and covering the place with earth as you
“found it.—Know also that there are store-
“houses under every pillar and its statue; for
“they are the tombs of seven Kings, who
“are buried there with all their treasures.”

Gebirus, was extremely satisfied with this account which the nymph gave him; he thanked her much, and went immediately, and did all things that she had ordered; and he found immense wealth and treasures, and many rare and admirable things.—By these means he completed the buildings of his city.

When *Charoba* heard that the city was almost finished, she was afflicted, and fell into great perturbation of mind: for she meant only to weary out the King, and to reduce him to an impossibility.

After

After the city was finished, *Gebirus* sent some of his chief men, with the tidings to *Charoba*; and invited her to come and see it.—She was almost overwhelmed with grief and apprehension, that she should now be compelled to marry :—but her nurse comforted her with these words.—“Do not yet despair, my royal mistress!—give not yourself further trouble concerning this audacious man.—Leave him to me, and I will shortly put it out of his power to give you any further concern, or to do you mischief.”

She returned with the messengers to *Gebirus*, and carried with her fine tapestry of great value, as a present from her mistress.—“Let this be put over the seat on which the King sitteth,” said she, “then let him divide his people into three parties, and send them forward to meet the Queen, who will give them such treatment as they deserve. When the first party shall be about a third part of the way, you shall send away the second; and when the second are got to their station, you shall send away

“ the third:—thus they shall be dispersed
“ about the country for the Queen’s safety,
“ and she shall have no cause to fear the de-
“ signs of her enemies,—she will be attend-
“ ed by the King’s servants only, and when
“ they return she will come with them.”

So *Gebirus* sent away his servants, accord-
ing to her instructions, and she continued
sending him rich presents every day, till such
time as she knew that the first party were ar-
rived at their station.

Then by her orders there were tables set
before them covered with refreshments of all
kinds; but they were all poisoned meats.—
And while they sat down to eat; the Queen’s
men and maid-servants stood all around them,
with umbrellas and fans to keep them cool;—
also their liquors were cooled. So while they
sat at the tables they all died from the first to
the last.—Then the Queen’s servants went
forwards to meet the second party, which they
treated in the same manner.—Then they re-
moved to the third party, and served them as
they had done the others.—So the Queen’s
servants

servants went forward; and a part of the Queen's army followed them, and they buried all the dead bodies.

Then the Queen, sent a message to the King, that she had left his army in and about her own city of *Masar*, and that she was coming to meet him speedily.—So she set forward with many attendants, and her nurse met her, and accompanied her to the city of the King.

When she drew near the palace, the King rose up, and went forward to meet her. Then the nurse threw over his shoulders a regal garment, which was poisoned, and which she had prepared for that purpose; afterwards she blew a fume into his face, which almost deprived him of his senses;—then she sprinkled him with a water that loosened all his joints, and deprived him of his strength; so that he fell down in a swoon at the feet of *Charoba*.—The attendants raised him up and seated him in a chair of state, and the nurse said unto him—"Is the King well to night?"—He replied,—“A mischief on your coming hither!—may you be

“ treated by others as you have treated me?—
“ this only grieves me, that a man of strength
“ and valour should be overcome by the sub-
“ tilty of a woman.”—Is there any thing
“ you would ask of me before you taste of
“ death?” said the Queen—“ I would only
“ intreat,” said he, “ that the words I shall
“ utter, may be engraven on one of the pil-
“ lars of this palace which I have builded.”

Then said *Charoba*, “ I give thee my pro-
“ mise that it shall be done; and I also will
“ cause to be engraven on another pillar—
“ This is the fate of such men as would com-
“ pel Queens to marry them, and kingdoms
“ to receive them for their Kings.”—Tell us
now thy last words.

Then the King said—“ I *Gebirus*, the *Me-*
“ *tapbequian*, the son of *Gevirus*, that have
“ caused marbles to be polished,—both the
“ red and the green stone to be wrought curi-
“ ously; who was possessed of gold, and jew-
“ els, and various treasures; who have raised
“ ed armies; built cities; erected palaces;—
“ who have cut my way through mountains;
“ have

“ have stopped rivers; and done many great
“ and wonderful actions;—with all this my
“ power, and my strength, and my valour.
“ and my riches: I have been circumvented
“ by the wiles of a woman; weak, impotent,
“ and deceitful; who hath deprived me of
“ my strength and understanding; and fi-
“ nally hath taken away my life:—Where-
“ fore, whoever is desirous to be great and
“ to prosper; (though there is no certainty
“ of long success in this world,)—yet, let
“ him put no trust in a woman; but let
“ him, at all times, beware of the craft and
“ subtilty of a woman.”

After saying these words, he fainted away,
and they supposed him dead; but after some
time he revived again.—*Charoba* comforted
him, and renewed her promise to him.—Be-
ing at the point of death, he said,—“ Oh
“ *Charoba*!—triumph not in my death!—for
“ there shall come upon thee a day like unto
“ this, and the time is not very far distant.—
“ Then shalt thou reflect on the vicissitudes
“ of fortune, and the certainty of death.”—

Soon

Soon after this he expired.—*Charoba* ordered his body to be honorably interred in the city which he had builded.—Afterwards, she built an high tower in the same city; and caused to be engraven upon it her own name, and that of *Gebirus*: and an history of all that she had done unto him, and also those his last words.—So her fame went forth, and came to the ears of many Kings, and they feared and respected her. And she received many offers of friendship and alliance; but *Charoba* remained a virgin to the end of her life.

Now it happened about three years after the death of *Gebirus*, that *Charoba* having embarked on board a small vessel, in which she was wont to take her pleasure upon the *Nile* by moon-light; went on shore with some of her attendants.

As they were returning to the ship, with great mirth and jollity, it so happened that the Queen trod upon a serpent; which turned again, and stung her in the heel; the pain whereof, took away her sight.—Her women
comforted

comforted her,—saying, it would be nothing:—“ You are deceived,” said she.—“ The day is come with which *Gebirus* threatened me:—a day which all the great ones of the earth must meet and submit to.—Carry me home immediately, that I may die there.”

The day following *Charoba* died;—having first appointed *Dalica*, her kinswoman to succeed her.—She was the daughter of that kinsman, whom *Charoba* preserved from the cruelty of her father *Totis*.

So died *Charoba*, Queen of *Ægypt*; but her name died not with her, for it remaineth, and is honoured unto this day.

Queen *Dalica*, was endowed with beauty and wisdom.—She followed the example of her predecessor, and governed her kingdom with great prudence.—She did many great works in *Ægypt*,—and caused many castles to be erected on the frontiers of the kingdom, to repel her enemies on whatever side they should be attacked. She caused the body of *Charoba*, to be embalmed with camphire and spices; and it was carried into the

the city of *Gebirus*: for *Charoba* had caused her tomb to be prepared there in her lifetime, and embellished it with regal ornaments, and appointed priests to attend on it.

Queen *Dalica* solemnized the funeral of *Charoba* with great magnificence. She made her subjects rich and happy by her wise government; and, after reigning seventy years in *Ægypt*, died also a virgin, and was succeeded by her sister's son, *Ablinos*, whose posterity wore the crown of *Ægypt* for many generations.



F I N I S.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]